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Vol. I

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MULDOONS' BASE BALL CLUB IN PHILADELPHIA



By Tom Tesser

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Muldoon's Base Ball Club IN PHILADELPHIA.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston," "Muldoon's Base Ball Club," "The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York," "Next Door; or, The Irish Twins," "Senator Muldoon," "Muldoon Out West," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"ALL hands be ready to go to Philadelphia to-morrow, byes," said Muldoon, one pleasant afternoon in spring, not very long ago.

Now don't ask me who Muldoon was, for you ought to know.

He was captain, general manager, organizer, and all round player of the Muldoon Base Ball Club, now beginning a tour of the country.

He traveled in his own private car, with his wife, his son Roger, his cook, his butler and his valet, besides a maid for Mrs. Muldoon, and a private secretary for Roger.

The Muldoons had dead loads of money, and knew how to take care of it, too, which was better yet.

Muldoon wanted something to do in the summer instead of going to Europe like all the other nobbs.

For that reason he had organized a team of base ball players, and was going to make the tour of the country with them.

He had already played in New York, and had just returned from a trip to Boston, where he had won a majority of the games played.

He was now about to start for Philadelphia, where he had made arrangements to play several games.

Muldoon was not afraid to tackle professional clubs, and, in fact, played with anything that came along.

Mrs. Muldoon enjoyed traveling, especially as she was in her own car, with her own servants to wait upon her, and she had become a regular base ball enthusiast as well.

Roger had to go because the rest went, and really, the trip would have lost half its zest if he had not been aboard.

The young fellow had an inexhaustible supply of jobs and snaps, which he worked off at the slightest notice on anybody and everybody, according to convenience.

Muldoon was his principal victim, but he used the others as often as he felt like it, and they came in for their share with great regularity.

Occasionally Muldoon would make some funny blunder, and get caught in some snap not of Roger's invention, and then there was fun, you bet.

That private car of Muldoon's was like a house, and the inmates formed a little colony by themselves.

Next to the Muldoons came Nora, the cook, a big, fat, good-natured body who had been with the family for years, sticking to them through good fortune and bad, and exercising a proprietary right over them which nothing could sever.

Marie, Mrs. Muldoon's maid, was a new acquisition whom Nora rather looked down upon, and considered an upstart, the French girl having no particular liking herself for "zat miserable Irlandaise," as she styled the cook.

Muldoon's valet was a Frenchman whom all hands called John, although he did not spell it that way; but the frog-eaters are poor spellers, anyhow, when it comes to English.

He was struck on Marie, and she thought him the sweetest thing that ever ate garlic, so that there was a chance of there being a regular partnership between them some day.

Next on the list was a colored gentleman whom everybody called Whiskers, the family butler, having served in that capacity for three or four years.

He was a consequential coon, Whiskers was, but a very good servant, and, now that they were on the road, acted in lieu of a porter, the Muldoons having no desire to be preyed upon by one of the regular professional cormorants in that line of business.

The last in the catalogue was Bills, Roger's secretary, for the young fellow was his father's man of business and needed an assistant, somebody to do the drudgery work while he was working up snaps.

Bills was a tall, slabsided, solemn-looking person of forty odd years, a regular mechanical sort of a duck, who did everything by rules that never varied, and reduced everything to methods grown old by long service.

He wasn't a bad sort of a man to have about when mere hack work was concerned, and Roger found him very useful as well as perfectly trustworthy.

He had no more conception of a joke, apparently, than the man in the moon, and had just as vacant a face.

There was more fun in him than you would have supposed, however, but he never gave it away.

He had caught on to Roger's custom of working jokes on all hands, and was only watching his chance to get in a good one on the young joker himself at a favorable opportunity.

All hands went on board the private car shortly before nine one fine morning, the same car being on a side track of the Pennsylvania railroad, over at Jersey City, waiting to be taken by one of the regular trains to Philadelphia.

The base ball boys were all going, but they would travel in the regular coaches, except when they occasionally came in to see Muldoon.

There were McGinnis, with his big mustache and number twelve feet, Dan Jones, with the gold in his head, Ikey Stein, with his parabolic nose and bow legs, Budwiser, with his short legs and big stomach, and all the rest of the gang, of whom more will be said when I get ready to say it.

Well, the train started and Muldoon asked all the boys into the smoking compartment of his car, to drink success to the trip to Philadelphia.

Just before starting Muldoon called the butler to him and said:

"Whiskers, have yez annything to dhrink in the cair?"

"Got two or free cases of wine, sah!"

"H'm! I think I see meself treatin' thim blokes to champagne and claret. Any beer?"

"No sah, 'cept a few bottles."

"Well, I don't think St. Louis or Milwaukee wud suit thim aither. Got any whisky?"

"No, sah, not a drop."

"Didn't I tell yez to ordher phwativer wor needed?"

"Yes, sah, but yo' doesn' spec' to keep open bar, does yo'?"

"Av coorse not," said Muldoon. "I'm not timperance intoirely, for I dhrink now and thin wid me frinds, but naither do I believe in unlimited guzzling. Howiver, we ought to give the thing a good sind-off."

"Dem fellahs tink nuffin' ob gettin' away wif a gallon ob whisky, sah, ef yo' put it befo' dem."

"Well, we must have some av it annyhow. Go out and get a bottle. That'll do, I guess."

"Scuse me, sah, but I'se busy at dis time. Couldn' yo' sen' some one else?"

The private secretary came to the rescue at this juncture.

"I can go out and get you what is needed, Mr. Muldoon," he said, solemnly.

"Faith ye're a trump, Bills, av yez do have a face an yez like an undertaker. Here, take this and go out for a bottle. Hurry up."

Muldoon gave Bills a bill, and the private secretary dusted.

He came back just as the train had started.

He had a gallon demijohn with him.

"I couldn't buy less, sir," he remarked, "and there was no time to go anywhere else."

"Faix I didn't tell yez to buy it be wholesale, but, howiver, it's all right. Phwat we don't use we'll keep."

Then the base ball boys came in, glasses were produced and filled, and Muldoon, holding his up, said:

"Here's to us, byes. Dhrink hairty."

"Sugcess to dot Philadelphia drip, Muldoon, ain't it?"

"Bay we wid eberv gabe, Buldood."

"Here's dot ve vin efery game, my shild."

"Here's tree cheers for our side, begob."

"May we niver get whitewashed, Mul."

"Now, thin, all av yez."

"Let her go!"

The various toasts were drank with a will, and the boys all smacked their lips.

"Faix, that's purty good stuff, byes," said Muldoon. "Suppose we take another. Fill thim up again, Whiskers."

The glasses were filled again, and the boys proceeded to fill themselves.

The probability was that they would get full, indeed, if this sort of thing were kept up very long.

"Are yez all ready?"

"Long life to the Muldoons."

"Zed her up agaid, Buldood."

"Ve vin once more, my shild."

"Let her go, byes!"

The glasses were raised, and then turned bottom up.

Various gurgling sounds were heard as the straw-colored liquid trickled down several throats.

"Smack!"

"M-ah!"

"Faith, that's foine!"

"Could yez repeat the dose?"

"Thad tasdes good edough to do over agaid."

"Go an, ye tanks! Do yez think I'm goin' to get yez all full?" growled Muldoon. "Go back to ye cair, ye shtuffs!"

Well, they couldn't get any more out of Muldoon that time, and so they skipped.

Muldoon then took another nip to keep up his end, and the demijohn was removed.

Whiskers took a snifter to see what it was like on the quiet, and said it was "Ver' fine stoff."

The maid Marie had to test it also and give her approval.

Nora, the cook, was not going to be left on that racket, you can bet your boots!

She absorbed three fingers of the stuff, made a sound like tearing off three yards of cheap calico with her red lips, and looked cross-eyed.

"Faix, I don't think that goes bad at all," she observed.

Then the private secretary made a discovery.

That is, he pretended to do so.

There was a tag on a string tied around the neck of that bottle.

It wasn't the only thing that was to be on a string that morning.

The tag was a blank one and could be filled out to suit the taste.

The secretary filled it out to his own satisfaction.

Then he made his great discovery, already hinted at.

He called Muldoon into the pantry to start with.

Then he put on an awful solemn face, and said:

"Mr. Muldoon, I am afraid somebody has made an awful mistake."

"Whiskers, John, Maria and Nora all had their heads in the door."

"Phwat do yez mean, ye docthor's sign?" asked Muldoon.

"Look at that label, Mr. Muldoon."

Muldoon looked.

The others tried to look.

"Howly sailor! Whin did yez see that?"

"Just now."

No wonder Muldoon changed color.

On the back of the tag was an emblem often seen in doctor's shops.

A skull and cross bones in lurid red.

The word POISON in big, apoplectic letters, was also displayed.

"Murder and blazes!" cried Muldoon, "we'll all be corpses before mornin'. I feel as if I wor wan now."

Then all the rest set up a howl.

The cook fell over Whiskers, the French maid seized the valet by the collar button and Whiskers turned gray.

"For Heaven's sake, phwat's in the bottle?" gasped Muldoon.

"It says something on the other side, but I can't quite make it out."

"Sind for Roger, he's a college graduate. Be heavens, there's no time to be lost."

"I think it says Prussian something or other."

"Prussic acid?" gasped Muldoon.

"Yes, that's it."

"A deadly poison, be heavens! We're all dead men."

"And women!" howled Nora. "Troth, masther, I niver thot ye wud do such a thing as that."

"Prussic acid! Begorry, we haven't tin minyutes to live," muttered Muldoon. "How could yez make such a mistake? Faix, I thot the shtuff had a queer taste."

"Maybe there'll be time to get a doctor."

"An' phwere wud we get wan? Off a telegraph pole?"

Bills stuck his head out of the window.

Then he put it in again, a faint smile stealing over his solemn mug.

"We are approaching a station," he said. "I'll see if I can procure a physician."

"So, so; be heavens tell him to make haste."

Then Muldoon reeled away to the smoking-room, feeling decidedly sick.

The cook retired to her bunk. Whiskers took a nip from a private bottle of his own, and Mary and John proceeded to embrace.

"Faix, that was an awful mistake to make," sighed Muldoon, his straggling locks bedewed with cold perspiration.

"Phwat'll become av the base ball nine av I shtript the goolden gutther? They'll niver win widout me."

"The duce take that blunderin fool av a secretary, annyhow. Couldnt see phwat he was gittin'? I've a moind to sack him on the spot."

"Oh! be heavens! I forgot something! All the byes had some av the shtuff! Sure, there'll be no base ball club at all now, and it'll be a big faneral we'll all have instead av a thriumphal procession whin we reach Philadelphia."

"Phwat makes that dom secretary so long coming back? Sure we're goin' out av the station now. I'll die before he gets here."

Then Muldoon played a tattoo on the electric button near his elbow.

Presently a fat man in black, with a fluffy white beard and a big white hat, green goggles and cotton gloves, came into the room.

"Mr. Muldoon?" he asked in gruff tones.

"Yis."

"I am Dr. Blomup."

"Oh, ye are? Well, I hope yez haven't come too late."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm poisoned."

"H'm! Animal, mineral, vegetable, aniline, masculine, feminine, cutaneous, extraneous or interior?"

"Sure, I don't know. I took it for whisky. Doctor, can't ye do anything for me?"

Muldoon made a spasmodic movement and suddenly interviewed a cuspidor.

"Where is the deadly and dileterious componnd of which you partock?" the doctor asked.

"Ask the butler; he do leave it in the panthry. They're all in the same boat wid me, but yez had betther luck afther my case. Oh, murder!"

Muldoon wiped his mouth with a big red handkerchief and looked very sad.

The doctor pressed the electric button, and Whiskers appeared.

"Bring the demijohn and a glass, Whiskers."

"Brung de jimmyjohn and a glass, sah? Yes, sah," and Whiskers retreated looking like anything but a dead man.

When the coon returned with the big bottle the doctor poured himself out a good four fingers.

"H'm! Smells like whisky," [he remarked. "Yes, smells very much like whisky. Not very good whisky, perhaps, but whisky all the same."

He went from smelling to tasting.

The more he tasted the more he wanted to.

He smacked his lips, rubbed his stomach, tossed off the stuff, sighed and remarked:

"Well, it might be better, but I must confess that I have got away with worse poison than that."

Muldoon was thunderstruck by this cool conduct.

"Heavens and airth, man, phwat kind av a crather are yez, to dhrink poison like that?"

"Oh, it's all right, Mr. Muldoon—nothing like getting used to it. I'll give you an antidote, however."

"A Nanny goat, is it? Do yez think I'm an I-talian, to ate goats?"

"An antidote, I said. Here, take this," and the doctor poured some colorless liquid into a glass.

Muldoon drank it, and then observed:

"Faix, it tastes like wather."

"Imagination, sir, entirely imagination. You will feel better after that. You feel so already, I think."

"Faix, I think I do," said Muldoon, swabbing his forehead.

"Thin take a little of this."

This was two fingers of the same old stuff, poured out of a bottle.

"Be heavens I'm a new man," cried Muldoon. "Docther, yez have saved me life. How much do I owe yez?"

"Well, my usual change for going out of town is five hundred dollars, but—"

"Phwat? Five hundhred dollars? It's robbery, be neavens."

"But, my dear sir, your life is certainly worth as much —"

"It's robbery, I tell yez, and I'll not pay it."

"Well, I was going to say that in this case, I would only charge one hundred. I can get off at the next station."

"Faix, I hope ye will. It's robbery annyhow, but I don't see how I can help meself. Go to the man of business and get the money."

"You will give me an order for it, of course. Here is a pad."

"Faix, ye're up to snuff, ye are," muttered Muldoon.

Then he wrote on the pad an order to Roger to pay the bearer one hundred dollars.

"Thank you sir, you will be all right now, much obliged I'm sure, we are almost at the station now, good-day."

Away went the doctor to the room occupied by the private secretary.

The removal of a pillow under his waistcoat, the cotton whiskers from his chin, the green goggles from his eyes and the big hat and gloves, transformed the doctor into the private secretary by a rapid and easy process.

Bills presented his order to Roger who said:

"What's this?"

"Nothing," said Bills. "I don't want the money. It's simply a

little document to show that you are not the only one who can get up snaps. Ask your father about the narrow escape from poisoning he has just had."

Then Bills went away, flourishing the order and Roger observed to himself.

"The P. S. has been getting in on the old man, I guess. I must find out what it is, and work one off on him in exchange, on pop's account. It's all one to me whether I soak the governor or the private secretary on this trip."

Muldoon did not find out how he had been deceived, but Roger did. It was a pretty little snap, he decided, when he learned the particulars.

Muldoon was not a cold corpse when he arrived in Philadelphia, and that was all he cared about.

There was no real good chance to play a racket on Bill just then, and Roger concluded to postpone it to a later date.

The Muldoons were received in great shape on their arrival, and proceeded to the Continental, where they were to put up during their stay in the city.

"There'll be time enough for rackets when we get settled," said Roger, and you can just believe that he was the boy to work them.

CHAPTER II.

It was hardly heralded in Philadelphia that Muldoon had arrived before the great ball player received the following challenge on a postal card in red ink:

"The Gold Ball Club will play the Muldoons for fifty dollars, on Thursday afternoon, at Fairmount Park, game at four, sharp. No postponement. Yours truly,

ABRM GOLDFINGER."

"Sure that means business," said Muldoon, "but I niver h'ard av the Gold Ball Club. Who are they anyhow?"

"They must be very tart, pop," answered Roger. "Their captain, has a gold finger."

"Sure, that's nothing. I have a mouth full of gold meself. I niver spint less than two hundherd dollars an me teeth."

"Oh, well, they're awfully tart, I tell you."

"Well, I take the cake meself and I'll walk away wid their hull bakery."

"Like the Jack of Hearts, I suppose, pop?"

"Oh, it's not the Jack av Hairts I am at all, it's the King av Cloobs."

"Ball clubs, of course, governor? You couldn't mean anything else."

"Av coorse not. Write to Mr. Golddust and tell him—"

"Goldfinger, governor."

"Sure, I don't care av his hull body do be gold, I'll refine him all the same."

"Then you accept the challenge?"

"Av coorse. Phy wouldn't I? It's an aff day wid us. I'm goin' to play Harry Wright and his Quakers the next day, and it'll be good practice for us."

"All right, dad, I'll send Mr. Abraham Goldfinger notice."

"Abraham, is it?" muttered Muldoon, caressing the bald spot on the top of his head.

"Yes."

"Roger?"

"Well?"

"I have an idee."

"Better let it go, pop. It will cost too much to keep it on ice. The price is going up."

"Troth, yez have less brains under yer chippie hat than I gave yer credit for. Anny idee that I have is bound to keep."

"Well, what is it?"

"Do you get on to the name av Abraham, me custom-made dude?"

"With both feet, dad."

"He's a Habrew, and I'll not play wid anny such."

"Why, you've got one in your own nine."

"So I have. Well, I dhrav the line at wan."

"Then will I accept?"

"Yis."

The challenge of the Gold Ball Club was duly accepted.

Roger might have told his father more about the organization if he had chosen.

That would have spoiled sport, however.

The day of the game arrived and Muldoon took his men out to the grounds to do up the Gold Balls and capture the half hundred.

He was going to try third base himself this time, putting sweet Willie McGinness with his shoe-brush mustache and big feet in center field instead of in his usual place.

There were other changes he meant to try also.

He had a new pitcher in young Mulcahey, the son of his old friend, and reputed to be a rattler.

For his back-stop he also had a new man in Rafferty, a big fellow with hands like hams, and feet that would overflow the river if he ever fell in.

The other players were in their usual places—Stein, the Israelite, at second, Budweiser, the animated beer-keg, on first, and Dan Jones and his chronic catarrh at short.

Then there was Adonis Finnegan at right, and Romeo Duggan at left, with Beauty Hannigan as extra player, and long-armed Joe Brady to go into the box if Mulcahey got knocked out of it.

The Muldoons got into their uniforms and went out to do some preliminary playing.

Then the celebrated captain was handed a score card.

It was very gorgeous and contained the following names:

MULDOON B. B. C.		GOLD BALL CLUB.	
Player.	Position.	Player.	Position.
1.—Budweiser,	1 b	1.—Goldfinger,	1 b.
2.—Finnegan,	r. f.	2.—Rosenbusch,	s. s.
3.—Muldoon,	3 b.	3.—Guldenstein,	3 b.
4.—Stein	2 b.	4.—Morgenthaler	l. f.
5.—Jones	s. s.	5.—Silverburg	2 b.
6.—Duggan	l. f.	6.—Schoendorfer	c. f.
7.—McGinness	c. f.	7.—Schwartzkoff	r. f.
8.—Mulcahey	p.	8.—Weissblatt	c.
9.—Rafferty,	c.	9.—Rothenbaum,	p.
Extra Player	Umpire	Extra Player.	
Hannigan.	Saltus.	Blumanthal.	

When Muldoon gazed at this card his brow grew black.

"Wan Habrew, is it?" he muttered. "There's nothing ilse, be heavens. Luck at their names."

"They're very large and elegant," chuckled Roger.

"Yis, and they're all Jews, begob. I'll bet ivery wan of thim is a pawnbroker or an old clothesman or a diamond dealer or a second-hand man or something like that."

"They couldn't all be the same thing, pop."

"Well, thin, the nine comprises thim all. Be heavens, I'll bet they'll be wantin' to sell us solid gold collar buttons, six for a quarter, before we get through."

"Or charge you a discount for banking that fifty cases, if you win it."

"I won't play thim!" said Muldoon, very decidedly.

"But you must."

"Do yez think I'm a sucker?" asked Muldoon, angrily.

"No."

"Ivery wan ilse does, then, be heavens."

"Why so?"

"Faix, I'm axed to play wid nagurs, Chinaysers, convicts, dudes, ould maids, blöind min, and now be a lot av Sheenies."

"What do you care if you beat 'em?"

"Iverything. It's riputation I'm afther."

"You're scared of getting beaten, dad, that's what."

"I am not. It makes little differ to me."

"Wouldn't you like to know that you were going to win?"

"'Deed an' I would not!"

Muldoon was positive on that point.

"Why not?"

"Sure it's in the oncertainty av the game that its fascination lies. Av yez know for certain that ye're goin' to get a thing all yer pleasure is gon'. It's in not knowin' av yez are goin' to get it or not that yer enjymint consists whin yez do get it."

"You're quite a philosopher, governor."

"Yis, and that's phwat kapes me alive."

"Here come the Gold Balls, pop!" cried Roger, just then.

Muldoon looked at the gang just coming upon the field.

Then he dashed down his cap.

"Be heavens, that's the lasht shstroke!" he growled.

"What's the matter, pop?"

"Do yez see the imblin an the breasts av that crowd av interrogation p'int-nosed idjuts?"

"Three yellow circles, aren't they?"

"Yis, and did yez niver hear av the t'ree goold balls, Mr. Chappie?"

"Are they pills, pop?" asked that incorrigible young scamp.

"Yis, and bither pills for many a poor divil to swally. Be heavens, I wor right, and ivery one av them blokes is implied in a pawn shop."

"Then the emblem, as you call it, is quite appropriate," laughed Roger.

He enjoyed the sport, he did.

Muldoon did not.

He was mad clear up to the fighting point.

A cheer went up from the grand stand and bleachers.

"Yis, cheer, ye suckers," he growled, "but I'll not play wid anny gang av pawn-brokers, and that settles it. Sure they'll want to lend me something on me watch while it's in my dressing-room, and charge me twenty-foive per cent. an it."

"Or sell you a seal-skin ulster cheap for cash on account of its being summer time, pop."

"Well, I'll not play thim. Come on, byes, we'll give thim the game. I'm goin' home."

"Don't be a fool, pop," whispered Roger.

"Sure, I would be av I played wid them Motzers."

"Sh! they won't like it if they hear you."

"Then let thim do the other thing."

Roger knew that he had to use a good deal of diplomacy now or Muldoon would skip.

He did not want that, for he had come out to see some fun.

"You're a chump if you go now, pop, when these Philadelphia ducks have been saying that New York can't raise a decent club."

"Do they say that?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes, and that New York is only one of their suburbs."

"And we can't raise anny good players?"

"Yes."

"Phwat do they call Buck Ewing and Connor, and Georgie Gore, and Johnny Ward, and Slattery, and Counsellor O'Rourke, and all the rist av the byes?"

"Stuffs, pop."

"Stuffs can't win pinnints, me bye. Be Heavins I'll stay and play him for the honor av ould New York."

"That's right, pop. I knew you would."

"Phwat's Philadelph'y anyhow but a counthry village goin' to seed?"

"Nothing else, pop."

"It's like a bye wid his forst pants an him, a moile too big for um."

"Well, then, you'll play, pop?"

"Play the Pawnbrokers? Be Heavins, yes! Yez couldn't shtop me from playing thim av yez toied a ton weight to me leg."

Just then the last bell sounded.

"Play thim!" growled the great man. "It's right yez are. I will play thim and play thim for suckers too, and don't yez forget it."

CHAPTER III.

"PLAY ball!"

That's what the umpire said at the beginning of the great game between the Gold Balls and the Muldoons.

The Micks went first to the bat.

They didn't go there from choice, you bet."

They were sent there.

Big Pete Budweiser walked up to the plate, smiled across his mustache, and began waving his bat nervously to and fro,

"Now, then, let's see what Mr. Rottenbum can do for yez, Pether," said Muldoon from the coaching line. "Knock the cover aff it."

That sheeney pitcher put himself into the shape of one of his crookedest Hebraic characters, and let drive.

The ball took Pete in the ribs.

"Take yer base, Budweiser, and av the clumsy gawk hits me, I'll kill um."

Budweiser limped to first, and Mr. Goldfinger remarked:

"I've got somedng elegant to took out dot bain; cost you only a dollar a bottle, mit my name blowed in de class—Goldfinger's best, none chenuwine widout de plue label."

"Take a bottle av it yersilf," said Muldoon, "and see av yez shtop the pain in me ear."

"What gifes you dot pain?" asked Mr. Goldfinger eagerly.

"Hearing ye talk," answered Muldoon.

Goldfinger was silent.

Finnegan, the fairy prince, was doing his best to hit that long-named pitcher's curves just now.

Finally the umpire called strikes on him, and he sat down to keep the bench from getting too cool.

Then Muldoon stood up before that demon pitcher, with the whole alphabet for a handle.

"Av yez hit me, ye big stuff, yez can ordher yer coffin now," he remarked.

"Five dollars," said the umpire.

"Go an, ye Germantown exotic," sneered Muldoon. "Av I wor to leave fove dollars in Philadelphia the whole town wud go wild. They haven't seen that much money in months."

"Twenty-five dollars and shut up."

"Sharge him sefen ber cent interest, Muldoon," said the catcher.

"Troth yez can make it twenty-five hundherd av yez loike, and I won't pay it," retorted Muldoon. "Go an, yez pawnshop ticket an' give us a ball."

He got one, too high to reach.

"One strike!" cried the umpire.

He was bound to get hunk on Muldoon somehow.

The solid man glared at him.

Another ball came his way.

It did not reach the plate by three feet.

"Two strikes!"

Then Muldoon was mad.

"Go t'row yersilf undher the counter, ye bundle av damaged goods," he muttered. "Troth, they wouldn't take yez at thirty-seven cents a molle at Wannamaker's variety shop."

"Ten dollars," said the umpire.

"Tin nothings," returned Muldoon. "Play ball, ye pawn-shop signs."

That erratic pitcher now sent in one that Muldoon could reach.

Plunk!

His bat and that ball made a solid date.

Away went the leather, clear beyond all the fielders.

"That's a foul, ain't it, ye sucker?" asked Muldoon, as he legged it to first.

Budweiser had got a start, and was puffing and blowing like a porpoise in his tour of the bases.

"Run, ye gawk, yez ain't half runnin'. Make home, ye big stuff."

It was hard work for that fat Dutchman. If Muldoon had not chased him right up, he would have stopped on second.

Muldoon wasn't doing any such small business, however.

He shoved Pete off of second and made him puff for third.

Then, when the walking beer cask got there, Muldoon made him vacate, after having left the impression of his hoof on the bag.

"Go an home, ye big puddin', go an home!" he yelled, following Budweiser up unrelentingly.

"Ach, mein chimminies, I was deadt already!" puffed Pete.

He had not run like that in six months.

"I bade you I lose me forty pounts mit sweatin' so much once!" he gasped, as he jumped on the plate.

Muldoon followed, and then the ball came in from the trip out of town.

It took Weissblatt in the neck.

"Two runs!" shouted Muldoon. "How's that, ye Chatham street misfits? Ye can't do that anny wan av yez!"

"I'll fine you a hundred dollars if you don't keep quiet," said that cranky umpire.

"Get out, ye counthrybred ignoramus," remarked Muldoon. "This isn't a championship game. Foines don't go down here, me ready made gilly."

The Muldoons now had two runs to their credit.

That was all they got that trip.

Ikey Stein popped up a fly which Morgenthaler put in hock and that made two out.

Then Dan Jones was given his base on balls and stole second when Weissblatt failed to hold a wild one which that misfit pitcher threw in to him.

Dan even got down to third but there he expired.

Duggan was thinking so much of his fine shape and so little of his playing that he knocked a little fly to Rosenbusch which that enterprising Hebrew at once gathered in.

"Thad's too bead. I be blowed if it aidt," muttered Jones, who always spoke without the aid of his nose. "I bight habe reached hobe if you hadded dode thad."

"Go out to short and blow yer nose, Dan," said Muldoon.

"Here's where we do the pawnbrokers up. Faix, they won't bid annything on themselves when we get through wid thim."

Mr. Goldfinger was the first to the bat.

He knocked a fly ball over the stand.

"Don'd iet dat ball get losed," he remarked. "Dem balls cost money."

"Yis, and there goes wan av yer fifty dollars, me bye," said Muldoon, as Goldfinger was caught out on a foul tip twenty feet abait the marble.

Mr. Rosenbusch, who boasted the biggest nose in the crowd, next faced Mulcahey, the son of his father.

Mul had on his pitching clothes that day.

Even Joe Brady himself could not have done better.

The batter fanned the air three successive times, the plunk of the ball into Rafferty's big hands following as inevitably as the thunder succeeds the lightning flash.

"Go sit down, Rosy," said Muldoon, "and hould a parasol over yer bugle or it might get sunburned."

Rosenbusch chucked his bat down angrily and stalked away.

That did not suit Captain Goldfinger.

"Don'd you be so flip mit dem bats, Rosenbusch," he snapped.

"Did you tink dot vas iron? Off you broke dot bat once I sharge you for it."

Goldfinger meant business every time.

Then Mr. Goldenstein came up before the gifted Mulcahey.

Mul let him get his base, for he saw that he was a regular slugger.

Mr. Morgenthaler followed and sent a ball into the tureen at the first crack.

That made it two to one on even innings, with Muldoon ahead.

In the next, dear little Willie soaked the ball for three bases, and would have made home if he had not fallen over the third bag, and had to stay there.

Then Mulcahey and Rafferty came up only to set down again.

Pete Budweiser once more made his appearance after that.

"Off you hid me dis time once, I slug you mit a brick stone," he growled at the pitcher.

That rattled Rottenbaum, and he made Peter a present of his base.

Then the charming Mr. Finnegan walked up and bunted the ball six feet from home.

He beat it to first in lively style, and Morgenthaler tried to nip Budweiser at second.

Silverburg muffed the ball, however, and Budweiser slid under him on his stomach and planked his big hand on the bag.

Muldoon to the bat, three men on bases and two men out.

"Now you've got 'em, pop," said Roger. "Give 'em a Slattery twist and empty the bags."

Muldoon spit on his hands to begin with.

He did not want to be too anxious.

All the same he realized the responsibility which rested on him.

Then those money lenders tried to rattle him.

"Blay ball, eferybody."

"Mage him hid it, Ikey."

"Loog oud for a double dis time."

"Two men oud, poys."

"Mage it dree, felluss."

"Blay ball."

"Ober der blate, Ikey."

"One strike!"

"Dod's der vay, don'd it?"

"Ball one!"

"Ah, dod was a skin."

"Dor'd you gife it."

"Dot vos two strikes."

"Ball two!"
 "Don'd you gif' it, Abey."
 "Strige, strige!"
 "Ball three!"
 "Oh, ah!"
 "Get anoder umbire!"
 "Vat a skin."
 "Pud it over der blate."
 "Shut up, you sheenies!"
 "Knock the tar out of it, Mul."
 "Go an, gimme a good ball."
 "He wants to hit it."
 "Two strikes!"
 "Dis one gounts."
 "Hit it, Muldoon."
 "Swipe it, pop."
 "Cigars, gents, good cigars."
 "Score cards, five apiece."
 "Fresh lager, gents."
 "Foul ball!"
 "Oh! ah!"
 "You couldn't got it, Lazy."
 "Blay pall, eferybody."
 "Foul ball!"
 "Dake it, Lazy, dat's easy."
 "Ach, der tuyfel!"
 "Muffed!"
 "Bully for Mull!"
 "They're getting rattled, pop."
 "Here's where you swipe it!"
 "Get a lead, Pete."
 "Steal up, Bill."
 "Now for a hummer!"
 "Foul!"
 "Kigg, fellows, don't you gife it."
 "Go sit down."
 "Hit it, Mul."

It was like Bedlam busted out.
 Talk of rattling Muldoon?

You couldn't do it.

The pitcher was getting rattled if anybody was.

The quiet seclusion of a box in a pawn office had made him unaccustomed to such a box as this.

He pitched wild, or he pitched balls that were sure to be hit foul.

If he wasn't careful Muldoon would get his base.

Muldoon preferred to hit the ball.

Little Ikey Stein followed him, and Isaac was not always to be depended upon.

One run would be forced in, to be sure.

Muldoon had his notions set upon more than that.

It was a crisis in the game, and no mistake.

The crowd began to keep quiet, for they were anxious.

The Gold Balls also relapsed into silence.

They did not want to rattle their own man.

Well, after that you could have heard a mouse nibbling cheese.

A swift curve ball came Muldoon's way.

"Attabesam!" he remarked as he lunged his bat at it.

The magic word did the business.

That ball went sailing gracefully over the field just out of the reach of the fielders.

Schoendorfer made a jump for it, and the emblems on his manly bosom glittered in the sunlight.

That time the three golden balls did not swipe the leather.

They collar most everything, but they didn't get that.

It was not for Dorfy on that trip.

He sat down on the flowery turf while the ball whistled on at a rate of seventy miles an hour.

Finally it struck the ground a long way from anybody.

Once more Muldoon was the hero of the hour.

Two home runs in one game was a record to be proud of.

How the crowd did howl.

Hats were tossed up and nobody cared where they went.

Handkerchiefs were waved and all hands went wild.

It was a wonder the cheering wasn't heard in New York.

Muldoon was keeping up his reputation for big things.

What a racing there was around those bases.

McGinness planted his big pedals on the plate to start with.

Budweiser repeated his great act of the first inning and puffed like a steam engine.

"Keep a runnin', byes!" yelled Muldoon.

Then Petey reached home, fell on the plate and was fallen on by Finnegan a moment later.

"Touch the plate, Finnegan!" howled Muldoon.

Finnegan touched it as the ball was being fielded in to second.

Muldoon was now on third.

He thought he might as well make it four.

This time he slipped up.

Silverburg got the ball and pasted it in home.

Weissblatt froze to it as if it had been an unredeemed pledge.

Muldoon was going too fast to stop now.

He fell into the catcher's grasp and was touched out.

It was too bad.

However, it was the fortune of war.

Victory doesn't always come to those who expect it most.

This was only one of the many surprises of base ball.

Who says that games are cut and dried before hand?

Nonsense!

You can't tell how a game is going to come out any more than you can tell whether a hen will hatch turkeys or ducks from a lot of door knobs.

Muldoon was out.

He had sent in three runs, however.

Consequently it did not matter very much.

The crowd was satisfied with him, as it was.

"Well done, Muldoon!"

"That's the wav."

"Do it every time, Mull!"

"Show 'em where you live."

Muldoon wiped the torrents of perspiration from his classic brow, went to third, and remarked:

"Be heavens, av New York can't projuce good ball players, I'd like to know phwat other place can."

The hock-shop fairies got no runs that trip.

Five to one was not so bad for the Muldoons.

It was seven to two at the end of the fourth.

In the seventh it was nine to three.

In the eighth Muldoon's men had twelve runs to their credit, and Goldfinger had five.

It looked like a glorious victory for the Muldoons.

In their half of the ninths they made a goose egg.

Then the Gold Balls came in for their whack.

Here was where the trouble came, but you'll have to take that in this next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"PLAY ball!"

That's the way I began the last chapter, but it doesn't matter.

It was what the umpire said, and everything he says has to go on record.

The Gold Balls were at the bat, and it was the last half of the ninth inning.

The score stood twelve to five.

The Gold Balls were on the wrong side of the line, but they still looked hopeful.

The great Abraham was the first to take up the stick.

He rapped out a safe one for one base.

Nobody kicked at that.

Then Rosenbusch knocked a safe bunt which he got ahead of and reached the first bag.

Goldfinger rushed down to second, and knocked Ikey Stein flying just as he had collared the ball thrown by Rafferty.

"Vat you meant by dot, you big Sheeney?" he sputtered, getting up.

It was the old tale of the pot calling the kettle black.

However, Ikey had the right of it this time.

"You vas oud, you old Shylock," he remarked. "Chudgment on dot, umbire!"

"Safe on second," remarked the arbitrator.

There was a groan at this, but Muldoon said nothing.

Then Guldenstein picked up a bat and planked a nice hit to Mulcahey.

It bounded once, but Mul got it on the jump.

Then he soaked it to Budweiser just at a nice height.

Peter was there, like the Rock of Gibraltar.

Plunk!

The ball landed in his big fist two seconds ahead of the runner.

"Safe!" said the umpire.

Pete was so astonished that he dropped the ball.

Goldfinger had reached third and Roosenbusch was on second.

"Donner wetter sauerkraut! vot kind off a decision do you call dot?" asked the Dutchman.

It was rank sure enough.

"You shut up or sit down," said Saltus.

He was as fresh as a new-laid egg, but he was called Saltus just the same.

"Begob, I think he's goin' to salt us, and no mistake," remarked Muldoon.

Then Morganthaler walked up and looked dangerous.

Mulcahey sent in too balls that fairly split the plate.

That robber of an umpire called them balls.

"Be heavens, there's a place gettin' warmed up for him below," said Muldoon.

Then Mulcahey sent in another plate divider.

Mr. Saltus called that a ball, too.

That made Mul mad, and he threw wild.

"Take your base," said Saltus, and Goldfinger ran in.

"Well, it's robbery sure enough," said Muldoon, "but it only gives thim wan run. We can afford that aisy."

Then Silverburg and Schoendorfer were given their bases in the same piratical manner.

"Begorry, this is getting monotonous," said Muldoon. "Phy don't yez pit an' spees, Salty, ould boy?"

"If you give me any guff I'll order you off the field," retorted the umpire.

"I'll not pitch anny more for such chumps," said Mulcahey.

"Go on, Mulcahey, don't mind um," said Muldoon.

Mulcahey had it in for those fellows now.

When Schwartzkopf came up he sent in a hot ball that caromed off the Hebrew's neck.

He got his base and another man came in.

Then Weissblatt got slugged in the ear with another hot one, and was also given his base.

"Be me sowl, I'll have satisfaction if I kill every Sheeney that comes up," said Mulcahey.

He seemed in a fair way to accomplish this object.

The Gold Balls had now ten runs to their credit, five of them being to the discredit of that robber of an umpire, however.

The pitcher now stepped up and Muldoon soaked him in the jaw.

That made it eleven to twelve.

The other fellows were getting alarmed, however.

"Mein goodness, did you vant to kill der whole nine?" asked Goldfinger.

"Yis, be heavens, and then the umpire," said Muldoon. "Keep it up, Mulcahey. Ye're doin' foine."

Mr. Goldfinger had some apprehensions about stepping up to the bat under those circumstances.

"Vy don't you get a bitcher vat can bitch?" he asked. "I hafent got my life insured yet."

"I take you pow, Abey, off you gife me extra rates," called out Rosenbusch. "I vas achent for de Equittables gompany."

"Begorry, thim Jews is up to business ivery time," said Muldoon.

Then Goldfinger grabbed his bat, keeping one eye on Mulcahey and the other on first.

It made him look squint-eyed, but it helped him all the same.

Mulcahey tried ther same tactics on him that he had on the others.

That wary Sheeney twigged Mul's little racket, however, and dropped.

Mulcahey was not going to make any cold, lifeless, defunct corpse out of him if he knew it.

"One strike!" called the umpire by mistake.

Mulcahey had it in for him, too, even if he had called out right for once in his life.

He aimed the ball deliberately at Goldfinger.

Goldy dropped again, and that time Saltus got salted.

He got it in the neck, where his bird cage could do him no good.

"Strike, two!" he yelled, as he rolled on the ground.

Schwartzkopf thought it was a passed ball and started to run home. Rafferty grabbed the ball, upset Goldfinger, and basted the runner in the jaw as he came sliding in.

"There's wan out, be heavens!" shouted Muldoon. "Put it down here, Rafferty, ye Turk!"

Weissblatt was going for third, thinking that he had a picnic.

The ball got there four feet ahead of him.

Then he started to go back to second.

Muldoon did not throw the ball down to Stein.

He knew a trick worth a dozen of that.

He held on to it and jumped for that Israelite.

Weissblatt fell down and Muldoon fell on top of him.

Our friend was no feather-weight, be it understood.

That Sheeney let out a grunt as if a house had fallen on him.

"Two out, be heavens!" said Muldoon, "and av that bible-backed conundrum beholnd the plate says it isn't, I'll cremate him wid his boots on."

The Gold Balls were getting rusty over these little pleasantries.

They didn't like that sort of business for a cent.

They had meant to collar that game, with the umpire's assistance, and now it seemed to be going against them.

They had arranged with the fellow to give them the game, and they wanted it bad.

The way they were getting it in the neck was enough to exasperate an image of brass.

They laid it all to Muldoon because he was the boss of the nine.

"Go an, Mulcahey, that makes two out," said Muldoon. "Av yez will parlyze that hock-shop ticket I'll raise yer salary."

"Call de bolices," said Goldfinger. "Dem Irishmans vant to murder me, so hellup me Shaky."

"Ki'l the sucker!" yelled the crowd.

The majority of them favored the Muldoons.

"Play ball!"

"Call the game!"

"Muldoon's got the game anyhow."

"Call it back to the last inning."

"Play ball."

You may have observed that that last remark is always admissible.

At any rate, somebody always yells it out.

"If you fellers don't shut up I'll give the game to the Gold Ball Club," said the chump of an umpire.

"Yez will allow that there are two min out?"

"No, only one."

"How about the man on thurrud?"

"He was out."

"And the wan at home?"

"I didn't see him get out. It's a tie."

"Be heavens, I admire yer gall," said Muldoon. "It desarves a medal, so it does."

"Play ball!"

"It's a tie, Mulcahey," said Muldoon. "Slug that sucker at the bat, there's no wan on thurrud."

Mulcahey wanted to slug Goldfinger bad.

Goldy was up to his little game, however.

Mul put the ball right over the plate, knowing that there were two strikes on the batter.

"Four balls!" said that monumental liar behind the bat.

"Begorry, it was only wan a minute ago."

"Five dollars."

"Go soak your head!"

"Twenty dollars."

"And yer feet, too. They need it."

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Ah, go take a bath."

"Leave the field!"

"I will not!"

"Then I'll give the game to the Gold Balls."

"Faix, I believe yez have sold it to thim already."

"I say, Buldood," called out Dan Jones, "who gets the gate buddey?"

"We do, and I've got a man in the ticket offis luckin' afther it, begorry."

"You don't got but fifty tollars off you bead," said Goldfinger, "and ve gits der reed. Ob ve head ve gits all, my shild."

"Oh, the robber; he'll sell himself for fifty dollars!" said Muldoon.

"Forty-nine dollars too dear, I think," said Mulcahey.

"Ve vas been robbed!" cried Goldfinger. "Call de bolices! Go for de tiefs, Ikey!"

"Play ball, ye suckers!" said Muldoon. "Put nine balls over the plate, Mulcahey, and av they don't come up the game is ours!"

"Sit down!" said Saltus.

"I won't!"

"Then you've forfeited the game!"

The crowd had something to say about that.

A hundred or more of them jumped in on the grounds.

Then they went for that umpire.

"Don't kill him!" cried Muldoon. "Only t'row him in the river."

That Umpire skipped out.

So did the Gold Balls.

They made a raid on the ticket office.

Roger was beforehand with them there.

All they got was their car fare back to the city.

The Muldoons collared the rest of the boodle.

Muldoon did not want it, however.

He only wanted to keep those Sheeneys out of it.

He sent the Gold Balls fifty dollars to pay their expenses, paid for the use of the grounds and then donated the balance to one of the city charities.

The papers got hold of it and Muldoon had no end of fine notices.

It made him more popular than ever, and he always did have a good hold on the public.

This last event gave him just the send off that he wanted for his Philadelphia visit.

"We'll pack the grand stands after this, Bedalia," he said to his wife, "and may the best team win, be heavens."

CHAPTER V.

THE Muldoons got right down to playing ball after that.

They played morning games with Harry Wright's team, with the Athletics and with the visiting teams in the city.

Muldoon went into the box on one occasion long to be remembered and struck out the great ten thousand dollar beauty, the famous Michael, the celebrated Kelly himself.

"I'm on to ye, Mike," he remarked, as he sent the first ball over the plate.

Kelley tried to rip the cover off it at one blow.

He merely succeeded in tearing a huge chunk out of the air instead.

Twice more did Muldoon serve Michael the same trick, and when the famous backstop was struck out there was weeping and wailing in Poston.

"Begob, now I can die happy," remarked Muldoon. "I've struck Kelly out."

The Boston team won the game from the Muldoons, but that was nothing.

Muldoon had struck out Kelly, and that was everything.

However, all the games were not with professional teams, and occasionally Muldoon had a soft snap.

Sometimes it was not so soft as he thought it was going to be.

One day he received a challenge that he considered a dandy.

It was written on a postal card, and signed by Billy Muggles of the Germantown Guzzlers.

The G. G.'s wanted to play the Muldoons a game for blood.

"The Guzzlers, is it?" remarked Muldoon. "Troth I'll walk clean away wid them."

It looked so when the Muldoons faced their opponents.

There did not seem to be a whole man among the lot.

The pitcher was one armed, the catcher had only one good leg, and the others were more or less used up.

Some of the fielders had crutches, one of the basemen had his arm in a sling, and the shortstop wore big goggles to see with.

"Get on to the cripples," said Muldoon. "Sure, it's a picnic for us, so it is."

"I dod't see how theb fellers are goi'g to play, dard if I do," said Dan Jones.

"Hi, Muldoon," said Ikey Stein, "let me go out for halluf an hour to telegraph by my broder in Ny York."

"What for, ye gawk?"

"He was had some second hand grutches vat he solt cheap to dose fellers, und I make a commission."

"Go on, ye stuff," said Muldoon. "Play ball, and niver moind yer brother in New York."

"Say, Muldoon," said young Mulcahey, "there's a frind av mine phwat's in the undertakin' business in the city. Hadn't I betther sind afther him. These blokes will need him when we get troo wid um, I'm thinkin'."

The Guzzlers were a sorry-looking lot, sure enough.

A one armed battery was something decidedly novel in the way of base ball.

Fielders on crutches was also a new departure, and one that did not promise a great amount of success to those taking it.

"Faix, I thot I'd seen all the varieties there cud be in ball nines," muttered Muldoon, "but this wan knocks me out."

"I've played wid Chinaysers, nagurs, sheeneys, convicts and small byes, and have been axed to play wid dudes, women, and other lunatics, but niver before did I hear av a nine av cripples."

"Faix, it'll be no honor at all to beat them, but we'll have a little fun annyhow."

Muldoon wasn't going to have all the fun, however.

Mr. Muggles sent his men to the bat first, and Muldoon put Joe Brady in to pitch, doing the catching act himself.

The batting order of the two clubs was as follows:

MULDOONS.	GUZZLERS.
Budweiser, 1st b.	Muggles, s. s.
Duggan, 1. f.	Wiggins, 1. f.
Stein, 2d b.	Higgins, c. f.
Jones, s. s.	Waggles, r. f.
Muldoon, c.	Muffles, 1st b.
McGinness, 3d b.	Duffles, 2d b.
O'Dwyer, c. f.	Chuffles, 3d b.
Finnegan, r. f.	Wayback, c.
Brady, p.	Shootem, p.

"It's a fine lot of av stuffs they are wid their fancy names," muttered Muldoon. "Wait till yez see us sind them home on stretchers."

Mr. Muggles was the first to pick up a bat, which he used left-handed, besides wearing a shade over his right eye.

He whanged the third ball pitched away out center field and only got one base on the hit.

Then Wiggins stepped up, got hit in the back, and took his base.

Higgins had a crutch under his arm when he stood up to the plate.

That did not stop him from soaking the ball close to the fence.

He got a base on that, and then Waggles stepped up.

He stepped down again, with the aid of a cane, and Muffles fanned the air three times and then went to warm the bench.

The next man made a hit, and Muggles tried to limp home and got put out.

No runs for the Guzzlers.

Then the Muldoons went in for their lick.

Budweiser whacked the first ball sent in by the one-armed pitcher, and started out for the tour of the bases.

The ball fell into the paws of the right fielder on crutches.

Duggan then got his base on balls, and Stein made a hit that got him a bag.

Dan Jones thought that he had got onto the cripple pitcher's erratic curves, and sent the ball sky-rocketting over center.

The fielder limped after it and gathered it in, much to Dan's surprise.

Then Muldoon stepped up to the plate.

He was in for nothing less than a home run.

The one armed pitcher sent in a hot liner that Muldoon couldn't hit.

"One strike."

Another one came his way, but he could not hit that either.

"Two strikes."

"Guess I'll take out my arm," said the pitcher, unbuttoning his shirt.

His left arm came out from its hiding place, and then the fellows began to tumble.

He was not one armed at all.

The third ball divided the plate in two like lightning.

Muldoon got left when he tried to hit it.

No runs for the Muldoons.

Then the Guzzlers went at it again.

They changed their style of playing somewhat.

Crutches were thrown away, patches were taken off, legs and arms were unlimbered, and a dandy lot of players appeared.

They knocked the cover off the ball every time they hit it.

They ran like the wind and were corkers for stealing bases.

They piled up six runs to start with before a man got out.

Then they got in three more before the third fellow was retired.

The Muldoons then faced the music.

They were not in it from the start.

They played their prettiest, but it wouldn't work.

They tried to get hits and they made no errors, but it was of no avail.

They found themselves in a very large sized tureen, and could not swim out.

They held the Guzzlers down, but they could not get there themselves.

It was eleven to six at the end of the game and the Muldoons were at the little end.

"I've been med the victhim av misplaced confidence," said Muldoon. "Phwere in blazes did yez get such a nine, annyhow?"

Then the boys wiped off their false mustaches and restored themselves to their proper appearance.

No wonder the Muldoons got licked.

That nine was an all star combination.

Tim Keefe, Buck Ewing, Johnny Ward, Dan Brouthers and Charlie Comiskey were only a few of the good players on that nine.

"Well, I'm blowed," said Muldoon. "Do yez think I could beat a team like that? Forty mascots wouldn't do it, be heavens."

Muldoon resolved to find out all about the opposing team the next time he accepted a challenge.

"Yez have med a sucker av me this toime," he said, "but I'll be on the watch for yez after this."

"Faix ye always get bit, Muldoon," said McGinness.

"Yis, but some day I'll take a bite myself. Come on home, ye gawks."

The next day Muldoon played with a college nine and walked away with the game in fine style.

After that he played with six or eight different clubs and got more than half the games, so that he began to feel his oats.

"I have not such a bad team after all," he observed, "and me record is still good. Sure, there are no flies on us."

"I wear mosquito netting shirts and dey don't got at me," said Stein. "I'll sell you half a dosen for a dollar."

"Yis, ye won't," said Muldoon. "I wouldn't wear wan av thim av yez ped me for it. Niver mind, Ikey, ye're not bad at second, av yez does squint."

Roger had not played very many rackets on his pop during this part of the trip and it may have been that the atmosphere of Philadelphia was not conducive to levity, but if you will read on you will hear of some honey-coolers in that line.

CHAPTER VI.

In spite of Muldoon's drawing the line at this and that sort of ball-players, he was still liable to be taken in at any time.

The next challenge he got seemed straight enough, and he accepted it.

When he reached the ball grounds, however, he found that the fellows on the other nine were all Italians.

"Play wid macaroni jugglers?" said Muldoon indignantly. "Niver!"

"Italians more better dan corna beefa and cabbage Irishman," retorted the captain.

"Go an, ye son av a bandit," said Muldoon, "I'll not play wid yez."

"Irishman no gooda, get afraid, no can playa ball lit' bit; biga stuff."

"Don't arouse me animosity, ye brother av a hand organ," said Muldoon, "for I won't answer for the consequences."

"Irishman look likea monk, takea de cup, catcha de cent, puta on reda coat, tiea up de tail alla same monk. Don'ta talka to me, alla same biga monk."

"Phwat's that ye're saying, ye banana peddler? I luck like a monkey, do I? Be heavens, that's an insult I'll not stand."

"Den sita down. You a biga stuff, alla samea like rotten banan', no gooda, me trowa ina street."

"So I'm like a rotten banana, am I? Be heavens, thin yez want to be careful how yez shtep an me, or yez may get thripped up, ye dirty thramp."

"Muldoona alla gasa-bag, stick a pin in, he busta up, no gooda, more better go back to Ireland, diga de potat', carrya de hod, disa country too gooda."

Muldoon was getting madder and madder.

The idea of a common Italian peanut-seller and organ-grinder talking to him like that was not to be endured.

"Go an, ye jabbering idjot," he muttered. "Sure ye're not good enough to carry the hod, begob. Phwat ought to be done wid ye is to pit a pick in yer dirty hands and set yez to dig an the railroad wid an Irishman for yer boss, begorry. He'd make yez worruk, ye ignor'nt foreigner."

"Goa back toa Ireland, Irisha loaf! No gooda fora dis country."

"Begob, it's Irishmin like me phwat make the country phwat it is."

"Yesa, data so—no gooda. Disa country noa good now, wanta Italiano come here, drivea out Irisha loaf, den be gooda fora some-ting."

"Wud yez hark to the robber? Fetch in more Italians and thin the country will be good for something! Begorry, I'd rather have the Chinaysers, av I've got to have thim or the I-talians."

The other Italians now had something to say upon the subject.

They all denounced Muldoon in choice terms.

"Geta out, flannella-moutha Micka, no gooda."

"Takea de massa froma you tootha, Irisha loaf."

"Makea plent' talk; no can do nothing, biga skin."

"Corna beef, corna beef, no gooda."

"You no play balla; you loosea de game."

"Alla big stuffa, plent' wind, alla same pen' balloon."

"Firea out, no wanta, no goodanuff for Italianaman."

"We wipea de groun' witha you, you playa ball."

Muldoon could not catch all that was said, but he caught enough to make him very mad.

"Yez will wipe up the ground wid us, will yez? Faix, ye will not. No Philadelphia Italian can win a game frem us."

"Youa scare to play. You fraida you geta licked."

"Ye lie, ye chestnut vendher! I have yet to see the man I'm a-scared av, whether it's in the ball field or annywhere else!"

"Cobe od, Buldood, ad-led's do theb ub!" said Dan Jones.

"Don't you been afraidt off dem suggers, Muldoon," said Budweiser. "De Chermans und de Irish was been a match for dem Italian suggers efery time."

"Be me sow!," said Finnegan, "we bet the Chinaysers, and we'll do the same wid the macaroni aters!"

"What are you afraid of Mul?" asked Bill McGinness, throwing the shadow of his big mustache on Muldoon's headlight diamond.

"Dere's no clubs except der perfesh dat we can't do up."

"It's not a question av our ability, be heavens," said the solid man, proudly, "but it hurts me pride to play on aquil turrans wid a lot av ragpickers and scavengers."

"Ah, go an! We'll wipe up the diamond wid thim!"

"Off you took dis game, Muldoon," said Ikey Stein, "den de Italians move away from Baxter street, und der shosen beobles hafe all der business. You do me a fafor off you beat dem."

"Begorry I will," said Muldoon, walking towards the dressing-rooms. "There'll be weepin' an' wallin' in Italy whin we get troo wid thim."

The upshot of the whole business then was that the Muldoons consented to play with the Italians.

"Talk about the possibilities av base ball," said Muldoon, when he was dressing. "Faix, whin I wint into it, I had no idee the sort av min I'd meet in it."

"It's as much mixed up as politics, ain't it, Terry?" said McGinness.

"Thank heaven we've kep' the Italians out av thim," retorted Muldoon. "The dirthy devils have dhruv the Irish and Yankee byes out av the bootblackin' an' newspaper business, but begorry, they can't vote agin us yet an' be heavens, I hope they never will."

"Faix, av we let thim in, we may-as well admit iverybody," said Finnegan, "an' be me sowl the counthry will be ruined wid the foreign population."

"I dod't do whad you call it dow," said Jones. "I'be ad Abercad byself, but I dever held ad office. They all go to the Irish ad Gerbads ad Sheedeyes, I thik."

"Will yez listen to the Arnacist!" cried Rafferty. "It's min like him what upsets the govermint. Why shud Americans hould ofis whin we'll do it for thim so much betther?"

"I dod't do as I wadt ad office," retorted Dan. "I ab sobe what particular about the bed I associade with, dod't you dow, ad I coulded get alog with the kide that wadts all the places."

"Go on, ye aquil rights robber," said Muldoon, with a laugh. "Sure, yez don't belave, at this late day that the constichushin manes annything?"

"Play ball, pop," said young Roger, sticking his head in at the door.

"Are thim Italian bandits ready, Roger?"

"Yes, and practicing."

"Have the umpire arrived?"

"He has."

"Phawt sort av man is he, Roger; dark like the rest av thim cut-throats?"

"They aren't a patch on him, pop."

"Pawat do yez mean?"

"Why, can't you guess?"

"I cannot, unless —"

"Yes?"

"Unless he's a nagur."

"He is a coon, pop, and a dandy one at that."

"Be heavens, I'll not play," growled the great catcher, in disgust.

"Oh, but you must."

"I will not. The odds are too heavy."

"What do you mean?"

"Forst we play wid thim Dagoes an' run the risk av getting a stiletto in our vitals at anny minyute."

"Oh, that's nothing."

"And thin we we have a nagur for umpire. How do I know that he's not a Pullman car porther?"

"What's that got to do with it, for goodness' sake?"

"Iverything."

"How so?"

"Don't I thravel in me own private cair?"

"Yes."

"And escape the clutches av all such robbers?"

"Of course."

"Thin can't yez see anny motives av rayvinge in the mon, av he is a dhrawin'-room car porther, me young Dicky bird dude?"

"You think he might rob you of the game out of revenge for not giving him the chance to make something out of you?"

"That's it, and, be the way, where did yez get the hat?"

Roger wore one of the latest, smoke-colored, narrow-brimmed, high-crowned derbys, supposed to be very English.

"Don't you like it, pop?" he asked.

"Av yez have turned Johnnie, it's very foine, but I say, Roger?"

"Well?"

"Why didn't yez pay fifty cints more and git a whole hat? They forgot to pit the rim an that wan."

"Never you mind that, pop. It suits me first-rate."

"Troth it do, for a fact, me bye. I always suspected yez wor a dude, but now I know it, and all because of the Johnnie hat."

"Well, are you ready to play ball?"

"Av yez will assure me that the nagur umpire is not a shleepin' cair porther."

"I'll ask him, pop."

Roger had turned when Muldoon called after him.

"Hold an wan minyute."

"Well?"

"Is this wan av yer jokes?"

"Oh, you're always suspecting me, pop."

"Because I know yez. Some day ye'll get a weltn' from me for the thricks yez do be playing."

"I've never got it yet, pop."

"No, but the growler that goes often to the corner gets smashed at last, as the poethry book says."

"Well, the fairies are good to the Irish, you know, pop, and that's how I escape."

"Go an, ye're not Irish. Ye wor born here, and had a Yankee father. Ye're no son av mine."

"Well, I'm my mother's boy, anyhow, pop."

"Yis, an' yer step-father's aggravation."

"Well, are you coming out?"

"I'm all ready, and, Roger?"

"What is it now?"

"Write out an account av the game, put an wan av that job lot av pink shtamps from Wannamaker's imporium, and sind it to the New York Hurlid. Faix that's the only paper that do give satisfactory accounts av the game."

"All right, pop, I'll stick on the stamp if it'll hold together long enough."

"Cobe od, Buldood," said Jones. "We're waiting for you to go od wid the gabe."

"All right, me influenzy victim, I'm wid yez, and av we don't do up the Italians, nagur umpire and all, it won't be because I found a four-leaved clover the morn', be heavens, but because we're a lot av stuffs, and not fit to play aven wid Dagoes."

CHAPTER VII.

THE great match game between the Italians and the Muldoons was at its height.

Five even innings had been played, and each side had seven runs to its credit.

Joe Brady pitched, Muldoon caught, Budweiser, Stein and McGinness were at the bases. Jones played short, and the fielders were Hannigan, Finnigan and Duggan.

The Italians had in a strong battery and their pitcher was hard to hit, although Muldoon had soaked him twice for singles.

The maccaronis were first to bat, with Nicolina, Campanini and Perguini for the batters.

Nicolini sent a ball away up in the upper register, and it fell in the pot, but the great Campanini did better, and got first base, although he was a tenor.

Then he slid to second, and Perugini got hit in the ear and went to first, while Frascatti wafted the breezes three times with his stick. Garibaldi then came up, made a neat little bunt and got first.

That filled the bases, and two men were out.

Victor Emmanuel Spaghetti, the flower of Italy, then walked up to the plate with a Salvini stride and grabbed a bat.

Everything depended on him now.

Campanini was monkeying around third watching for a slant to steal home, Perugini was hopping like a jumping-jack around second trying to rattle the great Joseph, while Garibaldi laid well off from first watching for an opportunity to get to second.

"Playa ball, ev'rybod', playa ball!" yelled Rossini at the right coaching line.

"Runna ona everyting, two mana' out," cried Douigetti on the opposite side.

"Play for the batter, Joe," said Muldoon.

The great Joseph let drive with a corking hot one that bisected the rubber.

"One strike, yah, yah!" said the colored umpire, dusting off his diamond with a yellow silk handkerchief.

Muldoon froze to that ball and Joe sent in another one just like it. Spaghetti tried to pound it for all he was worth.

He got left.

"Two strikes, honey," said the umpire.

Then Joe gave the Italian three bad balls.

"Make him hit it!" said Muldoon.

Joe sent in a slow twirler and Italy swiped it.

He caught it crooked and sent it straight up in the air back of the plate.

Muldoon ran to get under it, bound to collar it when it came down. Then all Italy yelled, hoping to rattle the solid man.

"Drop a de balla!"

"Ha—ha, bigga stuff!"

"Watcha de passa ball."

"Muffa de balla."

"*Maccaroni non e ven il balen.*"

"*Non pin giunge misernordia!*"

"San Francisco, Napoli, corpo di Bacco spit!"

Oh, there was the choicest Italian flying around just then.

You couldn't rattle Muldoon, however.

Spaghetti saw that that ball would be laid on the shelf if he did not do something.

He yelled with all his might and backed away as though expecting the ball was going to fall on him.

Joe Brady saw the scheme and ran in to cover home.

Just as the ball was dropping into Muldoon's paws, Spaghetti backed into him.

Joe caught the ball with one hand and swiped the brigand with the other.

"Dat am out!" said the umpire, coming up to join in the fuss.

Muldoon had been sent spinning, but he now jumped up with blood in his optic.

Joe's crack at the Italian had sent the latter flying toward Muldoon.

The solid man gave him another one for good luck.

That sent him reeling toward the umpire.

The colored population was equal to the emergency.

Spaghetti was served up without sauce that time.

The other dusty sons of Italy began to grow excited.

Up rushed Nicolini, Garibaldi, Donizetti, Salvini, Campanini, Rossini, and all the gang.

The Muldoons' men were ready for them.

Hannigan, Finnegan, Duggan, Budweiser, Stein and Jones, came swarming up to the plate.

There was a free fight going on there in two seconds.

Italian, Irish, Dutch, Hebrew and United States languages were flying around loose.

Everybody talked at once, and as loud as possible.

Spaghetti was all broken into bits.

Donizetti was barred out in one round.

Garibaldi was sent into exile in two shakes.

Campanini was put off the key in a jiffy.

Nicolini was sent to grass in more time than it takes to say so.

Ireland, assisted by Germany, Jerusalem, Yankee land and Africa, won the day.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire, suavely.

The Italians kicked, and wanted the game declared a draw.

That Pullman porter calmly drew a large sized razor, and placidly remarked:

"I said play ball an' when I says play ball I means play ball, an' don' yo' fo'git it. If youse Italians don' go inter de fiel, I fine yo' all a hundred dollahs apiece."

The Italians took the field at once.

They usually want the earth, but this time they merely took the field.

Muldoon was the first at the bat, and he sent one of Donizetti's curves skyrocketing over center field.

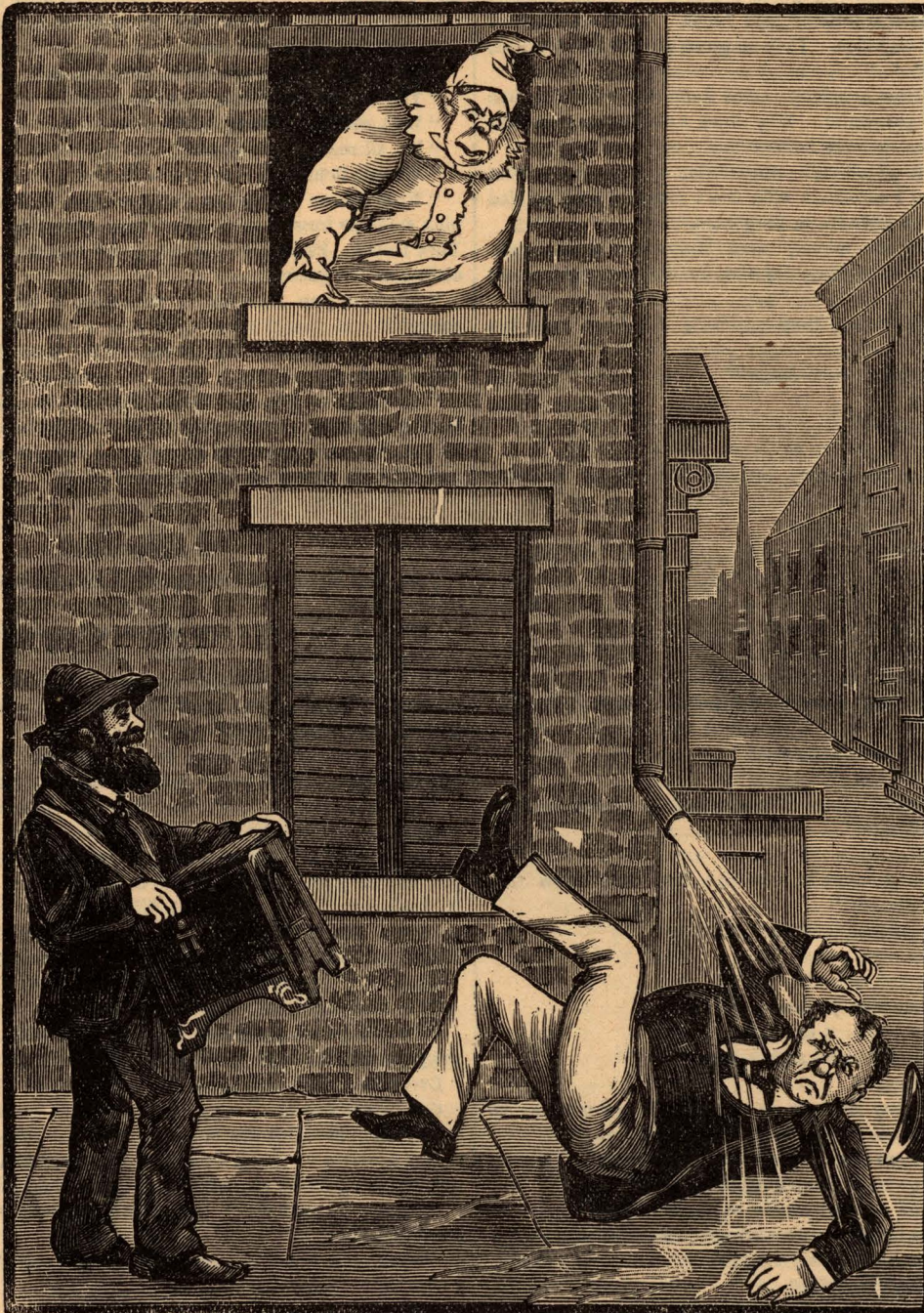
Three or four banditti gave chase.

They all came together just under the ball.

Well, you know what that means.

When they disentangled themselves Muldoon had made the round of the bases.

Then McGinness exhibited his shape at the plate, and stood waiting till he got his eye on



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The Italian heard the racket, saw the old party struggling for life, and then noticed where he stood.

the ball.

When he got it there he split his bat and sent the leather just over the pitcher's head.

He was good for a base, anyhow, and he soon afterwards walked on his stomach ten or fifteen feet and collared second.

The great Finnegan struck out, and Dan Jones smashed a ball straight out that knocked one of Signor Donizetti's earrings off and gave Garibaldi at second a pain in the neck.

Little Willie got home, but Dan, in trying to capture three bases, got nipped himself, and Hannigan fled out to Campanini.

The Muldoons were two runs ahead. It stayed that way till the eighth inning, when the Tuscans got one run.

They shut the New Yorkers out in their half, and then they went in to win.

They won a blank, and that was all.

"Hurroo! we've bet thim!" cried Muldoon. "The Irish will down the Italians ivery time, be heavens."

The Italians did not like this sort of ending to the game.

"Umpire no gooda," declared the captain, "givea game to Irishman, biga skin."

"Killa de umpire, geta hunk," cried one son of a hand-organ.

from the very best clubs in the League, Brotherhood, Association, Atlantic, and every other set," remarked Muldoon, with unblushing cheek.

There's nothing like blowing your own trumpet after all.

"You haven't any gall, pop," remarked Roger.

"Sure, I know that. It's me modesty that stands in the way av me success."

"Well, don't tell anybody of it and they'll never find it out, governor."

"There's no need av it. Annybody can see how unassuming I am be the luck av me."



"Seize the old gorilla and hang him!" "Shoot him full of holes and make him tell where his money is!" "Make him shell out, anyhow, the old Turk!" "Hang him and chuck his body to the buzzards, like we done the rest of the gang!" "Gintlemen," said Muldoon, "perhaps yez don't know who I am?"

The umpire had an opinion of his own about that.

He immediately drew his razor and showed his crockerics.

"Jus' yo' try fo' to touch me onst, you rag-pickahs," he remarked.

"Reckon yo' get cyarved up so sudden yo' don' know what happened." The umpire's razor took that trick.

If it had not the hard fists of Muldoon's boys would have done so.

"Go on, ye ditch diggers," said Muldoon. "Yez can't play ball just a little bit."

There were volcanic rumblings in Italy, but the Muldoons paid no attention to them.

"That's the last toime I play wid organ grinders, chestnut sellers and rag-pickers," muttered Muldoon. "Troth I'd rather play Chinamen."

Well, the game was one more added to their list of victories, and no one need know that it was played with Italians.

The Muldoons returned to the city in fine feather and celebrated their victory by a dinner at the Continental, at which soup was not the only liquid by any means.

The next day they played a return game with the Phillies and did them up.

"All we want is more practice to go in and take the pennants

"Oh, yes, so they can!" laughed Roger. "To hear you talk one would think you were born out in Chicago."

"And phwy?"

"Because you blow so. You ought to have the World's Fair right in your back yard, pop."

"Be heavens, there'll be a circus there whin I get yez home, me bye, and ye'll be the chief performer, ye and a thrunk strap."

"Oh, I've got money enough now to keep from ever being strapped, governor, so you'd better give that up."

"Well, I'll give ye up—to the polis, or the dog catchers."

"Nixey Jim, dad, but suppose we skip, and to-morrow you can take a day off and write up your obituary for the Ledger. You'll need one after your next professional game."

CHAPTER VIII.

MULDOON had a day off.

Roger was ready and willing to put in the time to the best advantage.

He was always equal to an emergency, that boy was.

The racket began the first thing in the morning.

Muldoon was awakened by a hand organ playing under his window. It was grinding out "Down went McGinty."

The tune had just reached Philadelphia, although it was very dead in New York.

However, Philadelphia is not a sudden town, and it takes anything a long time to catch on in that sleepy village.

When a fashion is worn out everywhere else it goes to Philadelphia to get rested.

Muldoon turned uneasily in bed, uttered several ninety-in-the-shade remarks, tried to go asleep and then gave it up.

That everlasting organ kept turning out the same old tune, like 'the whistling coon you have heard of.

"Phwat's that n'ise?" asked Mrs. Muldoon.

"Shut up!" cried Muldoon, who was now looking out of the window.

His wife thought the remark was addressed to her.

"I will not shut up!" she retorted with considerable asperity. "I and yez phwat that n'ise was."

"Go an out av that, I tell yez, or I'll call the polis!"

"Phwat'll ye call the polis for, ye Irish Turk?" cried the indignant Mrs. M.

"Go an, I tell yez, or I'll chuck the wather pitcher over yez."

The grinder went right on playing the same thing over and over.

By this time Mrs. Muldoon was pretty well awake.

She took in the situation at a glance.

"Terry!" she screamed.

Muldoon paid not the slightest attention.

He was objurgating the organ-grinder for all he was worth.

"Terry, come in out av that!" yelled his wife.

"Troth, I think it's waa av thim Italians that we bet the other day, and this is his revinge."

Muldoon was right in one particular.

The grinder was indeed an Italian of the most pronounced type.

He knew no more of base ball, however, than a pig knows of astronomy.

Roger had hired him to stand under the window and play as long as the coppers would allow him.

It was too early for the police to be out, however, for the Philadelphia slaveys had not yet began to scrub their everlasting white marble front steps.

"Get out or I'll dhrown yez," cried Muldoon.

"Terry!" shrieked his wife, louder than before.

Muldoon did not hear her sweet voice.

Then she threw the bolster at him.

That caused him to turn around and ask:

"Phwat means the bombardmint, me Irish t'rush?"

"Do yez know phwat an exhibition yez are making av yersilf? Get out av that windy!"

"Get out av it? Down t'ree stories, Indeed, I'll not. There is no fire escape."

"Come away from it, ye ould gawk!"

"Do yez know phwat's outside, me leddy burrud?"

"The street, I suppose."

"Yis, and a baste av an organ-grinder phwat's been playin' waa chune for the last tin minyutes."

"Terry!"

"Well?"

"Shut the windy and lave him there. Thin he'll stop."

Muldoon looked out and chuckled.

He had caught on to one Philadelphia custom and determined to make use thereof.

It was the habit of having their waste water pipes discharge their contents above ground.

The grinder was standing close to one of these vents with his back to it.

He stood that way so that he need not see Muldoon without breaking his neck.

Muldoon went to the bathroom and filled the tub.

Then he returned to the window and looked out.

The Italian was still torturing the neighborhood to the tune of "Down Went McGinty."

"I'll give yez such a washing that yez haven't seen in weeks, be heavens!" he remarked.

Then he hurried back to the bathroom and yanked out the plug.

Then he skipped back to the window to observe the result of his scheme.

It did not turn out exactly as he had anticipated.

The Italian was grinding away for dear life.

He was dry as a chip, moreover.

Not so an old gentleman a few yards further down.

The latter had stooped to pick up a pin that some careless Philadelphian had dropped, after a debauch on ginger ale.

"See a pin and pick it up,

All the day you're in the soup."

That rhymes better than the old version and has more sense.

The old gent was right in line with one of those vomiting water pipes.

It was one which connected with Muldoon's bath tub.

Swash!

The old party was caught by the flood tide.

It knocked him endwise and carried him clear into the street.

So much for stopping to pick up a pin.

You can buy four or five hundred for six cents—five cents in New York—and yet he stopped to pick up one.

That's the way with some people.

Muldoon was just in time to see the old codger swept away by the tide.

"Be heavens, I loaded the wrong sewer," laughed Muldoon. "Just me luck."

The Italian heard the racket, saw the old party struggling for life, and then noticed where he stood.

He instantly shifted his position.

"Go an, ye robber," cried Muldoon, shaking his fist, "or I'll turn on the entoire wather-works av the hotil and flood yez."

A servant-girl at a house opposite had just come out to gargle the front stoop.

She saw a man in his night-shirt, and immediately went into spasms.

She felt that her character was ruined by such a shocking circumstance.

"Phwat's the matther wid the Quakeress over there?" asked Muldoon. "Troth, I think she do be havin' a fit."

"Just then a copper appeared upon the scene.

The scrub lady revived, the organist fled, and Muldoon shut down the window.

His troubles were not yet over.

When he went down to breakfast the waiter brought him a dish of oatmeal.

"Take it away," he said. "Do yez think I'm a horse?"

"Beg pardon?" said the white-chokered parson who waited.

"I said take it away. I'm not Scotch, thank Heaven."

"Then you don't want breakfast?" asked the man, solemnly.

"Yis, I do."

"Then you must eat oatmeal."

"Thin I will not."

"I know the rules," said William Pen Junior. "Oatmeal the first course for breakfast, bean soup the first for dinner, apple slush for supper."

"Is thim the rules?" said Muldoon.

"They have not varied for generations, sir."

"Thin it's toime they did. Take away the sticky stuff and bring me an apple."

"I have no authority to alter the rules, sir," said that inflexible servitor.

"Thin sind for the head waither. I'll not be med to ate phwat I don't want, be heavens."

"You won't get anything else till you do, pop," said Roger.

He had come down ahead of his dad and Mrs. Muldoon had not yet arrived.

"Thin I'll go out to a beanery and ordher phwat I like," muttered Muldoon obstinately.

"They all have the same rule, pop."

"Since whin? I haven't aten oaten male since we've been here."

"But this is Saturday."

"I know it is."

"And they always have it on Saturday."

"The young gentleman is quite correct," said that solemn waiter. He had been bribed to carry the thing out.

Muldoon was disgusted.

He was also obstinate.

"I'll not ate it!" he growled. "Here, Roger, give me a peice av that foine steak I see ye atin?"

"Can't do it, pop," said the young rascal, pulling away his plate.

"It's against the rules."

"Phwat rules?"

"Wannamaker's."

"Phwat's that putty faced Pennsylvania Dutchman got to say about it?" demanded Muldoon, with considerable activity in his tones.

"Why, he regulates all the social customs in Philadelphia, he and G. W. Childs."

"Begorry, thin, I'm glad I'm a dimmycrat, and it's toime the counthry had a change."

"Cakes, sir?" said the solemn waiter to Roger.

"Yes; and another cup of coffee."

"One cup is all we allow," said that waiter, with something like a smile hovering around his saturnine features.

"Is that wan av the Sathurday rules?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we'll call for a suspension of them," laughed Roger. "That's always in order."

"Take away that dom stuff," said Muldoon, swallowing a spoonful of the gelatinous compound before him and nearly choking.

"You would not have had anything else if you had not eaten some of it, pop," chuckled Roger, as the waiter disappeared.

"Yis, and now I have no appetite for anything else. Sure, nobody but a Scotchman could or would ate such a mess. I don't wondher they're such a pig headed lot."

That wasn't the last of Muldoon's troubles that day.

There was a long line of them lying in wait for him.

He got through his breakfast somehow, the gluey mush he had taken making him sick, and then he started out to take in the sights.

It was necessary to look at them through a glass, however.

That is to say, a glass of something consoling.

Muldoon repaired to the department where such things were dispensed, and ordered the caudal appendage of a hen's husband.

When the cocktail was placed before him he looked admiringly at it, before proceeding to absorb it.

Just then McGinness came in on one side and Budweiser on the other.

"Hey, Muldoon, look here once," said the Dutchman.

Muldoon turned to see what his first baseman wanted.

McGinness immediately put the beverage under his overhanging mustache.

When Muldoon turned around again the empty glass stood beside him, and McGinness was flirting with the dish of crackers at the other end of the mahogany.

"Begorry, that's cool," said the ex-alderman and solid man.

"Ya, dot didn't been out mit der sun yet," said Peter.

"Here, give me another av thim decoctions, and put it down to McGinness."

"He was put it down himself," chuckled Budweiser.

The second beverage was placed on the counter, and just then short stop Jones came in and touched Muldoon on the arm.

"I say, Buldood, did you see whad's id the paper this bordig?" asked Dan.

Muldoon turned to see the article, and Budweiser swiped the liquid refreshment.

"I cad't seeb to fide it," said Dan, turning the paper inside out.

Then Muldoon thought of his medicine.

He turned to find it gone, and Budweiser talking earnestly to Joe Brady.

"I can't find it mesilf," he muttered. "Here, give me another wan, pit a burglar alarrum attachmint an it, and charge it to Budweiser."

Muldoon was not going to be caught a third time on the same snap.

He waited till the third disinfectant was placed before him, and took it in his hand.

Then he put his back to the counter, and held the beaker mouth high.

"Av anny other sucke besides mesilf gets this, he desarnes it, be heavens," he observed.

"Oh, mein gootness, Muldoon, look auf dis once," cried Ikey Stein, rushing up to him with a newspaper in his hand.

Muldoon turned to look at a piece of base ball gossip marked with blue lead pencil.

"The Muldoons are not carrying everything before them, as they expected, and will soon be in the mud unless they learn to play ball."

That's what the notice in the paper said.

"It's a lie, be heavens, and I'd like to lick the sucker phwat wrote it," he remarked.

Then he turned his attention to the glass in his hand.

It was empty, and a straw was lying across the rim thereof.

Dan Jones was the nearest man in sight, but he appeared to be very much interested in his paper.

"Oh, I've foud it, Buldood," he suddenly exclaimed.

"Begorry, ye wor the sucker that ran a straw in an me, wor ye?" vociferated Muldoon. "Waitther, charge that one to Jones and give me wan for mesilf."

When the poison was prepared, Muldoon took it in his fist.

"Let me chow you someding, Muldoon."

"Hallo, Muldoon! see here a minute."

"Dod't dridk that, Buldood, there's a fly id it."

"Hould on, Mul, I want to tell yez a saycret."

"Luck out, Terry, it's loaded, so it is."

"Go an, ye schemers," said the famous captain. "I'll dhrink this wan in spite av yez."

Then he raised the glass to his lips and got away with the contents.

"Rached it at last," he muttered, with great satisfaction, as he laid a dollar bill on the counter.

The gentleman in the white jacket gathered it in.

"Well?" said Muldoon, after a pause.

"Did you like it?" asked the juggler on the other side.

"I did."

"Oh, we know how to do things here, you bet your life."

"All except one," affirmed Muldoon.

"What's that?"

"Yez have not acquired the art av making change."

"What's that?"

"I gave yez a dollar."

"So you did."

"Well, where's the balance?"

"The balance of what?"

"Av me dollar, av coorse."

"Do you mean the change?"

"Certainly."

"How much change do you want out of a dollar when you pay for four cocktails at a quarter a go, hey?"

"I'm only payin' for wan. The other gintlemin pay for the rest."

"What other gentlemen?"

The question was a pertinent one.

Muldoon looked around in search of his friends.

Not one of the baseball boys to be seen.

They had all faded away like buttercups before the lawn mower.

"Begorry, it's a skin," remarked Muldoon. "Thim suckers had a right to pay for the shtuff they dhrank, and not be lavin' it to me."

"I don't know nothing about that. You'll have to settle with them. You had the money, and they skipped! I've gotter look out for myself, old man."

Muldoon did not like this sort of business.

He did not so much mind having to pay for the round, but he did decidedly object to being called an old man.

"Go an, ye young whiffet," he retorted. "I may be ould, but I've l'arned wisdom wid me increase av years, but ye'll be as ignorint as Julius Cayser's cat av yez live to beat Methuselah's record, be heavens."

Then the angry man sailed out, his hat on the back of his head and his striped shirt front palpitating with just and righteous indignation.

Just here we will mention, however, that the worthy man's troubles for the day were not over by a large majority.

CHAPTER IX.

When Muldoon left the notices he found a cab standing in front of the door.

"Here you are, sir," said the driver. "Get right in, sir. Drive you all around the city for a dollar, sir."

"Faix, I think maybe a dhrive wud do me good," thought our friend, as he entered the cab.

In doing so he walked right into a little snap, prepared for him by Roger.

The young scamp had posted that cabman just outside the door for a reason of his own.

Cabby had his directions and he was bound to carry them out, having been well paid for doing what he was told.

Muldoon sat with his back against the cushions, lighted a cigar and proceeded to enjoy himself.

He soon left the city streets, and breathed the invigorating air of the open country.

"Ah, this is foine," he remarked. "It's a good sight betther than shstaying in the city to be roasted."

After a ride of considerable duration, the carriage drew up before a large brick building in the midst of grounds elegantly laid out.

"Phwat place is this?" asked Muldoon.

At that moment two or three men came down the steps of the building and stood in front of the carriage.

"Shure it must be an instichtsin av some koind," mused Muldoon. "I think I'd like to go troo it."

One of the gentlemen opened the carriage door and Muldoon stepped out.

"Good-morning, Mr. Muldoon," said the man. "Pleased to meet you, sir."

"Do yez know me thin, gentlemen?" said Muldoon, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, the fame of your exploits has reached even this quiet retreat."

"Yis, they do be saying that it takes a thing longer to reach Philadelphia than anny place in the world, though it's only a handherd moiles from New York."

"Won't you step in, Mr. Muldoon?" asked the man, very politely, taking Muldoon's arm. "We know you will be pleased with our institution."

"Oh, he is sure to be," said a second man, taking Muldoon's other arm.

The third man followed close behind the rest.

"Sure, I niver expected to be resaiwed wid such attintion," observed Muldoon, as they went up the steps.

When he reached the top he heard the sound of wheels.

Turning, he saw his cab driving away.

"Hould an, ye sucker!" he bawled. "I'm going back wid yez!"

"That's all right, Mr. Muldoon," said one of his conductors. "We will send you away in a cab, if you like, when you leave the institution."

"Troth, I'm going to lave it at wanst."

"Oh, no, we think not," and the two polite gentlemen took Muldoon inside, the third pushing him from behind.

"Lave go av me," cried the renowned ball tosser, struggling to free himself.

"Not quite yet, Mr. Muldoon," and the great catcher was forced to go along.

"Phwere are yez taking me annyhow?" he demanded.

"To your cell, of course, you crazy Mick," retorted one of the men, in anything but polite tones.

"To me cell, is it?" demanded that fine, all around ball player.

"Yes."

"Is this a prison?"

"No."

"Thin phwat is it?"

"Private asylum for cranks."

"Be heavens, thin it's the wrong place for me," cried Muldoon, trying to break away.

It was no use.

The three men grabbed him, hauled him down a corridor and landed him in a cell at the further end.

The door closed with a bang, and a monstrous key was turned in the lock.

"There you are, you crazy Irishman," said one of the men, "and there you stay."

"It's an outrage, be heavens," said Muldoon.

"Oh, of course."

"I'm not the laste bit crazy."

"That's what they all say."

"I'll have the lah an yez."

"So we hear."

"I tell yez I am as sane as the best av yez, and a good deal saner."

"To be sure."

A man in black, wearing big green goggles and a choker collar, now came up and looked in at Muldoon through the wicket.

"New arrival?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What name?"

"Muldoon."

"What's the trouble?"

"Base-ball crank."

"H'm, yes, very dangerous."

All these things were set down in a note-book.

"Av ye are the docthor," said Muldoon, "I demand to be let out."

"M—yes—let me see. You believe baseball to be the great national game, do you not?"

"Av coorse it is."

"Played by Dutch and Irish principally."

Muldoon had nothing to say.

Then the doctor went on with his questions.

"Do you think the New York League team will win the pennant?"

"Av coorse. The rest av thim won't be in it, though Brooklyn may be a fair second."

"H'm, yes, I see. Crazy as a tick!" remarked the doctor.

"At anny rate, Philadelphia won't get it!" snapped Muldoon. "Chicago 'll go clane ahead av her."

"M—yes, I see. More evidence of a disordered brain. Where is the place you mention, by the way?"

"It's where the World's Fair will be held, me ignoramus."

"Ah, yes, I see. He has forgotten that there has been but one fair—the one held here in 1876. Poor man—a very bad case, I fear."

"Go an, ye Quaker!" sniffed the great traveler.

"Do you think that there are too many ball clubs this season?" asked the doctor.

"No indeed, but some av thim will be in the soup."

"H'm! yes, that sounds bad. Which, do you think, has the right of it—the Brotherhood or the League?"

"Anny fool knows that the Players have the best min," said Muldoon, "but me own team can down the best av thim."

The doctor shook his head and closed his book.

"Bread and water and a padded cell," he remarked. "Very bad case—very bad indeed."

Then the whole gang went away, leaving Muldoon alone.

"It's a conspiracy," he observed to himself, beginning to pace the apartment. "Bedalia has found a new mash and she's had me put in here, so's she can injy herself."

"Faix, the man that wud be led asthray be the charrums av that supernumerated fairy had ought to be in here, be heavens, instead av meself!"

"Maybe me son Roger have swiped all me money, and had me pit in here so that he could spind it in safety. Begob he'll get here himself av he kapes an schmokin thim shtrong cigars av mine."

"Crazy, is it, bekase I think the New Yorks 'll win! Begorrry, a mon wud be crazy to think anything else."

The more Muldoon thought of it, the madder he got.

He dismissed all thought of a job, and in fact he never thought of it at all.

He did think for a time that the Philadelphia ball players had conspired against him, and had put him in the asylum out of revenge for having won so many games from them.

Then he let this idea go, and took hold of another.

"No, it's not that, it's me woife, the ould daisy. She do always be getting queer notions in her head. It's me money she wants, and a younger husband, as if she warn't ould enough to be givin' up all such ideas like thim."

By and by footsteps were heard coming along the corridor.

"This way, gentlemen. We have here a very curious case," said the voice of the doctor.

"Visitors, I presume," thought Muldoon. "I suppose I'm to be stared at like the wild man av Borneo in the museums."

The visitors paused in front of the door.

Muldoon sat down at the back of his private parlor and puffed away at his cigar butt.

"Luck at the gorilla," said the voice of Mulcahey. "I didn't hear yez say this wor a menagerie."

"Looks like Buldood, odly he is ted tibes as hobely," said Dan Jones.

"Phwat's he in for, annyhow? Murder?" asked McGinness. "He lucks dangerous, so he do."

"Nativ av Philadelphia?" inquired Rafferty. "He looks loike it. No stoyle at all about him."

This was too much for Muldoon.

"Be heavens, that's wan thing I won't stand," he growled, rushing to the wicket. "I may be a Mick and a crank and all that, and perhaps I am, but I'll assassinate the mon that insinuates I luck loike a Philadelphian."

"Stand back, gentlemen," said the doctor in a tone of warning. "He is very dangerous just now."

"Luck here, byes!" cried Muldoon. "I'm an to ye. It's a job, av coorse, and a good wan, but it's gon' far enough and I want to be let out."

"Phwat's he talking about?" said McGinness.

"Sure we don't know him at all," added Mulcahey.

"Who is he at all?" asked Rafferty.

"Yez know who I am well enough, ye suckers. I'm Terrence Muldoon, and I'll fire the whole av yez off me nine av yez don't let up."

A howl of derision greeted this announcement.

They boys were incredulous.

"That gorilla in there, Muldoon? Get out!"

"Faix Muldoon isn't such a homely looking tarrier as that chump."

"Thad wod't do, Petey. We all dow Buldood, ad you cad't hode a caddle to hib."

"Come away once, fellus. Der man was so grazly like a loona-tickle. Dot feller Muldoon? Ach, chiminies!"

"Get out, ye bald headed liar, or I'll smash the puss av ye. Muldoon niver had the luck av a murderher that yez have."

The whole gang repudiated him.

They wouldn't allow for minute that he was Muldoon.

"He thinks he is Muldoon," said the doctor, "and that Chicago is the finest city in the world."

"Oh!"

"Crazy!"

"Sure case!"

"Lock him up."

"He'll never get over it."

"I wouldn't go near him for the world!"

The whole gang had something to say about it.

"Ye're a loiar!" said Muldoon. "I niver said that av Chicago. Come, byes, give us a rest an this, and let me out."

The gang all turned their backs on him.

"Poor man."

"Is there no help?"

"Who would have thought it?"

"And looks like Muldoon, too."

They all went away, muttering expressions of pity and once more Muldoon was left alone.

He remained so for an hour and then footsteps once more approached.

Young Roger Muldoon looked in and said:

"I say, pop, there's been a terrible mistake. I'm glad I found you."

"Is that ye, Roger?"

"Yis."

"Who am I?"

"Terrence Muldoon, G. A. T."

"So I thot! Thim byes have aither been putting up a job an me or else they're all lunatics in here."

"What boys, pop?"

"Mulcahey, Rafferty, Jones, Stein, McGinness and the rest."

"Oh, no, they haven't. You got into the wrong carriage. We have just found it out."

"How is that?"

"It was sent for another man named Muldoon, a crazy man, and the driver came to our hotel by mistake."

"He's no relation av moine, then, av he's crazy," remarked Muldoon.

"We missed, you, pop, and I finally traced you here by inquiring at the livery office."

"Well, that may all be true enough," said Muldoon, "but it seems a strange coincidence that the byes should come out here so soon after me incarceration."

"Oh, they came to see the place, I suppose. Lots of people do that."

"Faix, thin, I hope that they'll be detained the same as I was whin next they come here."

"Well, here comes some one. It's all right, doc. This is my father and not the other man at all. I hope you'll find him."

The door was opened and Muldoon walked out.

"Sorry to have caused you any inconvenience, Mr. Muldoon," said a gentleman whom Muldoon had not before seen. "Mistakes will occur sometimes, you know, in the best of institutions."

"Yis, so they will," said Muldoon. "I have nothing to say just now, not being yet out av the woods, but it's very strange that there should be two Muldoons in Philadelphia, and both av thim ball players and the captains av their nines. It lucks very fishy to me, particularly whin the whole nine goes out to see um and carry an the joke, but I'm not saying anything about it now, ye underherstand."

"That's all right, pop, I wouldn't," said Roger. "I'd wait till I got home."

When they were driving back to the city, Muldoon suddenly observed:

"I have not fixed in me mind phwat part ye played in the recent comedy at the insane asylum, or whether ye played anny, but yez did let me out, and that's more than thim other fellers did, and I'll get aven with them for it."

"Yes, I would, pop, if you can prove it on them."

"Yis, that's the worst. I'll let ye off this time, because ye let me out, but av yez get into any more such rackets as this, I'll make yez think av the days av yer youth, be heavens, when ye felt the weight av a shlipper an some part besides yer fut, me young gentleman."

"You make me tired, pop," laughed Roger. "Suppose I had left you in there, as you say the boys did?"

"As I say they did?" repeated Muldoon in a rage. "Sure they did do it, just as I'm tellin' yez."

"Well, I didn't see them, and you can't prove it by me. They may have done it."

"So they did, and I'll find them all home to-morry."

"No, I wouldn't do that, pop, but I'd try and get even."

"Play a thrick an thim, yez mean?"

"Yes."

"I'll do it."

That meant more trouble for Muldoon.

CHAPTER X.

I INTIMATED just now that Muldoon's trials and tribulations for that eventful day were not yet over.

They were not, for a fact.

There were plenty more on the programme.

The great ball player arrived at the hotel in time for lunch, which he dispatched with considerable zest.

After this he concluded to spend the rest of the day in quiet and go somewhere in the evening.

People frequently make up their minds to do one thing and then do something else.

Their intentions may be good enough, but circumstances knock them out.

It was thus with Muldoon.

He was sitting in the reading-room of the hotel inviting sleep by reading the Philadelphia newspapers, when somebody came up, tore the paper from his hand, knocked off his hat, and said:

"You've got to fight me. See?"

"I don't know ye, sor," said Muldoon, picking up his hat. "Though I can guess yer occupation. Ye're a sucker."

"Excuse me, pard, I took you for another feller," said the man. "Sorry I disturbed yer."

Then he went away, and Muldoon resumed the perusal of the obituary odes in the paper.

"Little Willie's gone away.
We miss him all the day,
He never more will play,
He's gone away."

"Well, av the mon that wrote that wor niver in the lunatic asylum he'd ought to be," exclaimed Muldoon. "Wondher how much a ton they have to pay for that stuff?"

His toes were suddenly trodden on with great violence, his hat was pounded down over his nose and he received a punch in the ribs.

"Talk about me like that, will you?" somebody exclaimed. "You orter get slugged."

Muldoon came out from under his hat, rescued his toes from imprisonment and looked up.

His former assailant stood before him.

"Excuse me, you ain't the feller at all," he said. "Sorry to trouble you."

He went away again and Muldoon shifted his seat.

"It's no satisfaction to me to be taken for somebody else and thin be insulted," muttered he. "I hope the ould duffer won't make anny more mistakes like that."

Once more he settled down to an hour's quiet.

He was deep in the market reports and began to feel drowsy when once more he was aroused.

The paper was torn in two, he got a crack in the nose and his hat was sent flying through an open window.

"You will tell them lies about me, will you?" cried an angry voice. "I'll learn you, I will."

Muldoon sprang to his feet with blood in his eyes.

"Be heavens, this is too much!" he ejaculated.

"Beg yer pardon, mister," said the same man who had pounced upon Muldoon twice before. "I made a mistake. Thought you was some one else. Don't let me interrupt yer."

"I should say he did make a mistake," growled Muldoon. "Phy in tundher don't the gawk make sure av his mon forst."

He had to go outside to get his hat, which had fallen on the walk.

There were two empty chairs on the piazza and these he now pre-empted, sitting in one, tipped back and putting his feet on the other. He shoved his hat forward, folded his arms across his chest and composed himself for a nap.

Drowsiness was just stealing over him when he was once more rudely disturbed.

His chair was kicked from under him, and he was sprawled out upon the stones in the most undignified manner.

"There, you white livered cuss, that's fer sayin' what ain't so, goll-durn yer."

Muldoon looked up.

The avenger of a slandered name once more stood before him.

"In the name av common sinse, mon, phwat ails ye?" he cried.

"Are yez blind or won't yez see?"

"I ax yer pardon, gent," said the man. "A little mistake of mine. Took yer for another man. 'Pears to me I've seen yer before, though."

"I should say yez had. How in blazes did yez come to make the same mistake so often, afther seein' me!"

"Sorry to disturb yer, ax yer pardon, I'm sure."

That was all he said, and he skipped out.

"The dom chump!" sputtered Muldoon. "I wondher av he's med the same mistake wid annybody else?"

This time he repaired to the cafe, took a seat at a table, ordered a lemonade in disguise, picked up a paper, lighted a cigar, and settled down to a period of enjoyment.

It did not last long.

He was struggling with the news from Europe, when his cigar was yanked out of his mouth, his lemonade upset in his lap, his hat sent spinning, and a stunning crack delivered on his nose.

This time he jumped up and seized his assailant.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" he muttered, as he gave the fellow a crack in the eye. "Oh, excuse me. I thort ye wor somebody else."

A slap across the jaw followed this little bit of playfulness.

"Oh, I ax yer pardon. I didn't know it wor ye."

Then he banged the stranger's hat down over his head as far as his chin.

"Excuse me little mistake, me friend. I hope I've not disturbed yez very much."

The angry ball player then knocked the maker of mistakes under the table, and piled two or three chairs on his legs.

"Don't mind me, my frind. I sometimes make these little mistakes, but I wudn't annoy yez for the wurruld."

Then Muldoon straightened himself up, recovered his hat and sauntered out.

"I don't think me energetic and somewhat absint-minded frind will mistake Terry Muldoon for his traducer afther this," he remarked.

Then he sat down in the reading-room behind a pile of papers and lighted another cigar.

Presently he heard a voice on the other side of the reading rack.

"Excuse me, but I'm looking for a man, Billy Topknot, a feller what's been slandering me. You haven't seen him, have you?"

The voice was that of the man who had mistaken Muldoon for his enemy.

"Yes, I seed hib just dow," said Dan Jones. "He's aroud here sobephre. He wears blue fladdel suit ad a white hat."

That was Muldoon's own description.

He jumped up and went around to the other side of the file rack, and said:

"See here, me mon, av yez want to foind Misther William Topknot I'd advise yez to go the clerk, and thin be very sure it's him before ye go to slugging him."

"Haven't I seen yer before?" asked the man with a grievance.

"Ye have, and ye've felt me before, too, and ye'll feel me again av yez don't be careful."

"That's all right, pard. I don't take offense if a man makes a mistake. Didn't you bust my hat over my face just now?"

"I did," said Muldoon, defiantly.

He was prepared to do it over again, if necessary.

"But 'pears to me you said it was a mistake?"

"I believe I did."

"And didn't yer paste me in the eye just now?"

"Ye're right I did."

"I thought so, but yer said it were a mistake."

"It wor—that I didn't paste yez in both yer eyes," Muldoon added.

"And I believe yer knocked me under a table and piled chairs on my hoofs."

"Yer remembrance av that occurrence is remarkably clear," returned Muldoon, with a bland smile.

He was beginning to get more fun out of this thing than he had thought there was in it.

"But, if I remember right, you said it was a misunderstanding on your part."

"Yis, to be sure," said Muldoon. "I ought to have sint for the hearse," he added.

"Well, that's all right. I'm allus willin' ter take an apology. I'm lookin' for a durned cuss named Bill Topknot what's been lyin' about me, and when I find him I'm going to paste——"

"Yis, I presume so, but don't go to pasting the wrong man or yez may get pasted yerself."

"Well, if a feller makes a mistake he can apologize, can't he? I always do."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" muttered Muldoon. "Is the mon an idjot or only cracked?"

"Yer haven't seen Billy Topknot, have you?" the man suddenly asked.

"Ye'll find him on the roof. Take the illevator and thin walk to the ind av the block," said Muldoon.

Then he went off, not caring to be longer inflicted with such a crank.

Looking back as he left the hotel he saw the man who was looking for Billy Topknot entering the elevator to go upon the roof.

"Begorry, I've got rid of him," he said, with a sigh, "but I wondher how he happened to take me for his frind so many times?"

"Be the way, Dan Jones wid the cold in his head wor thyrin' to pit him onto me whin I interrupted him. What became of Dan, I wondher? I don't see him."

He found Dan Jones sooner than he expected.

He also had the mystery of the crank's numerous assaults upon himself explained.

Leaving the hotel, he presently entered a place where they sold cigars in front and something else behind.

A swinging door separated the two divisions.

Muldoon was about to call for cigars, when he heard a voice that he knew on the other side of the swinging-door.

"I bost got a good wud od Buldood just dow," said Dan Jones.

"A feller cobe idto the reading-room of the hotel ad ased be if Ide seed Billy Topdot, a feller that had lied about hib, dod't you dow. I gave hib Buldood's describtion ad told him to go look for hib, but just thed Buldood hibself jubbed ub ad I had to rud for id."

"Oho, thin I know the feller," laughed McGinness behind the screen, "and I come out bether nor ye did. I p'inted Muldoon out to him and he spilled um all over the walk."

"Yah, I blay dot shoké mit Muldoon meinselluf once," Budweiser joined in. "Dot mans comes up by me und ask me where dot Billy Topknot was, und I chow him Muldoon ofer mit der bar-room out, und dere was a big fide."

"Ho-ho. We've all had a finger in it, I guess," chuckled Rafferty. "The mon axed me where the feller was and I showed him Muldoon reading a paper. He sint Mul's hat flyin' out the windy and give him a punch in the ribs besoides."

"I bet you halluf a tollar dot was der same man vat axed me vere vas de man vot tolt lies about him," tittered Ikey Stein. "So hellup me, it vas fun to see de vay he smash Muldoon's hat ofer his eyes. I lafe me like fun, my shild, ven I sawn dot."

Muldoon was getting the whole history of the affair.

That was two snaps the ball nine had played upon him in one day.

He counted the insane asylum racket as one of theirs, but that was where he made a mistake.

The gag was of Roger's invention, and the boys had simply gone out to see how it worked.

The Billy Topknot joke was not a concocted affair on the boys' part either.

Several of them had simply happened to get onto the same thing one after another, and so kept the ball rolling.

Muldoon was not going to say anything, but let them think he knew nothing about their having put the crank upon him so that he could the better work off a snap on them.

His foxy designs were frustrated, however.

Just then Joe Brady came in, saw him, and said:

"Hallo, Mull, got enough of that apologizing feller? I wouldn't have put him onto you if I'd thought he was such a bitter. He begged yer pardon, anyhow, didn't he, ho, ho?"

"Ha, ha, that completes the list," said Muldoon. "Foive toimes did that blanked idiot take me be surprise, but the fifth toime I grabbed him, blacked his eyes, smashed him in the nose, and thrun him under a table. He would have gone for me again, but I cot onto Dan Jones thrying to steer him for me and I burstud up the scheme, be heavens."

"Ho, that's good, blow me if it isn't. Who put him onto yer them other times?"

"Ye'll find thim in there," said Muldoon, pushing open the swinging door.

There was no back door to the place, and the boys could not get away.

As soon as they heard their captain's voice, however, they became very much absorbed in various things.

Jones was asleep behind a newspaper, Budweiser was washing his hands, Stein was hunting for clams in a plate of chowder, McGinness was playing dominoes all by himself and Rafferty was trying to find the address of some one he did not know in a big, three-year-old directory.

That's what Muldoon and Joe Brady found them all engaged in when they entered.

"Yez are all cot," said Muldoon. "I heard the confissions av ivery wan av yez unbeknownst."

Jones suddenly woke up and asked:

"What did you do with hib at lasd, Buldood?"

"Sint him up on the roof to look for his frind, and av he falls aff it'll be no fault av mine. I'm an to ye, me byes, so don't thry to play

anny more jokes an me. I've had enough in wan day to lasht me a month."

There was more to come, for all that.

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing more happened to Muldoon before dinner.

He did not see his cranky friend again, but he heard an hour or so later that he had mistaken a policeman for Billy Topknot and had slugged him in the ear.

The copper had failed to take his apology, but had taken him instead, and that was the last of him as far as Muldoon was concerned.

Roger had heard of the snap and considered it first class.

"Pop can't blame me for putting up all the rackets on him," he remarked, "for others do it as well as myself."

The best of it was that Muldoon would now often suspect some one else when Roger was the party interested.

That gave the young fellow a better show, although he always did have a pretty good one and often got off unsuspected.

After dinner Muldoon thought he would go to the theater, it being Saturday night, and an off night at that.

They had played about all the games they intended to play in Philadelphia, and would leave some time during the next week.

It might be his last night in the place, and so Muldoon determined to have a good time and take in a show.

The base-ball fellows were all off in different directions, and Muldoon found no one in the reading-room but Roger when he came down dressed to go out.

"Where are you off to, pop?" asked the young fellow.

"I think I'll take in wan av the theayters, me bye."

"Isn't ma going?"

"No. She have wan av thim society novels, wrote be a duchess or some wan like that, and she do be so wrapped up in that she can't pit her mind an annything else."

"Take me along, pop?"

"Well, I might," said Muldoon, hesitatingly.

Roger arose.

"But I don't know as I will," continued Muldoon.

"Ah, that won't do, pop. You'll have to take me along. You must have a protector, you know."

"Ho, ho. And d'ye call yerself wan, me jumping-jack?"

"Certainly. I'll keep you out of mischief."

"You'll get me in throuble, yez mean."

"Well, you'll get there if I don't go. You always do."

"Come on, then, me bye, for it'll be dreary enough for yez shtaying at home."

"It isn't very lively, pop."

Off they started, Muldoon leaving it to Roger to say where they would go.

The first place they went to was the minstrels.

The boys in black had evidently got onto Muldoon's presence in the audience.

"Say, Sam," said the man with the clappers, "who's the strongest man in the house to-night?"

"The feller that's been eatin' cheese and onions, I guess."

"No."

"Who is it, then?"

"Muldoon, the ball player."

"Why so?"

"Because he says he can hold nine men down, and they can't hit him."

Then there was a yell from all the boys in the gallery.

"There's Muldoon himself down there."

"Get onto his sluggers. One strike."

"Knock the cover off it, Mul. You're out."

"Play ball."

"Be heavens, they all know me," muttered Muldoon. "Let's go out."

"Not now, pop," said Roger.

"I don't think Muldoon is such a good player," said the man with the tambourine.

"Wha' fo' don' yo' flnk so, Sam?"

"'Cause he's away fom home so much."

"Striker out!" said the middle man. "Little Annie Rooney."

"Come on. Let's get out," said Muldoon, and Roger went with him.

The next place they stopped at was a variety theater.

It was not long before they got onto Muldoon here as well as at the other place.

Perhaps Roger gave the man in the box office a tip.

Two girls in short dresses were singing duets when the Muldoons took their seats, and after them came two trapeze artists, who gave way to a fellow with a banjo.

"Hallo, Muldoon, old sport," he said, looking right at the one, only and original Mul. "How many runs did you make to-day?"

That put the boys onto Muldoon again, and they gave him a fine old reception.

"They all know you, Mul, you old rascal," said the banjoist, "and now I'll sing you a song composed for the occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Muldoon is a dandy ball player,
He knocks the cover clean off the ball;
When he runs for a base he always gets there,
And he knocks out the pitchers, one and all.
He can chin all day, he knows every rule,
He can make the ball fly, just like a balloon,
You can't talk him down, he kicks like a mule,
Oh, a dandy ball player is Mr. Muldoon."

"Come on, Roger," muttered Muldoon. "Such rot as that makes me sick. I wonder how they knew me?"

"Everybody knows you, pop," laughed Roger, as they went out.

They next dropped into a place where a thrilling drama of New York life was being played.

Muldoon sat through half an act without being recognized, but at last when the funny man came on, just in time to save the heroine from the clutches of the villain, he was given away.

"Saved!" cried the girl.

"Yes, you're safe," said the funny man. "Safe on first. I'll leave it to Muldoon. There he sits."

"Come on, Roger," muttered the disgusted back stop, first base, pitcher and everything else. "I can't go annywhere widout being talked to."

"We might go to the Italian opera, governor," answered Roger.

"I'll have nothing to do wid the Italians. How do I know that they wudn't be singing something about Signor Muldooni, and callin' the attintion av the house to me? Come out, it's too hot for the the-ayter annyhow."

They went out and strolled along the streets, taking in the evening breezes.

Presently a tramp came along and said:

"Won't you give a poor bum ten cents to get a night's lodging?"

"How happens it ye are so low?" asked Muldoon.

"I was a baseball umpire, and I called Rooney out on two strikes. Since then life has been a burden to me."

"Go on, ye liar!" said Muldoon. "All the umpires I iver met wore diamonds. Ye're a falsifier, so ye are!"

"Struck out, my friend," said Roger. "Go sit down!"

"H'm! I was out there," muttered the tramp, as he moved on. "How'd I know I was going to strike two real base ball players? The woods is full of 'em."

Shortly after that Muldoon and Roger reached the hotel.

"Phwat a lot av gags have been fired off at me the day," remarked Muldoon, as he sat in the cafe, fondling a glass of iced something. "Well, there'll be no more av thim, annyhow."

He spoke too soon.

A gag was preparing for him at that very moment.

"Hallo, Muldoon," said Joe Brady, the great pitcher having just arrived. "Been out enjoying yourself?"

"Yis."

"Seen the new base-ball puzzle?"

"No. Phwat is it?"

"Drop a penny in the slot and see a man strike out."

"Phwere is it?"

"Over here. Just got in."

Over in one corner on a pedestal under a glass case was a miniature ball field with all the players in position and a man at the bat.

"You bet on the man, whether he'll make one, two, or three bases, a home run or get put out," said Joe.

"How do you work it?" asked Muldoon, getting interested.

"Drop a cent in the slot and then blow in this tube."

"And how do you win?"

"If the man stops on the line between any of the bases he's out."

"Faix, then I'll bet he makes a home run. I'll imagine it's meself, be heavens."

"Bet you he gets out."

"I'll go you."

"Put in your penny."

"All right, Joseph."

Muldoon then slipped in his penny, grabbed up the tube and blew like a hurricane.

The man flew around the bases, overshot the home plate and was declared out.

"It's a skin," declared Muldoon. "The mon got home."

"Try again."

"No, sor, it's a skin."

Muldoon then walked away, thinking that he might as well go to bed.

He noticed everybody seemed to be smiling as he passed, and that some even snickered.

"It's me great popularity," he said to himself. "Just see how many people knew me to-night. Troth, the whole city is gon' on me." The elevator boy just giggled right out when Muldoon entered the car.

"Phawt's the matter wid yez, sawed-off?" asked the hero of the hour.

"Oh not'in, I was only smilin' to meself," said the boy.

When Muldoon got out at his floor a chambermaid he met nearly had a fit and a hall-boy carrying a pitcher of water ran away in afright.

"Phwat ails iverybody, annyhow?" he asked.

He soon learned the reason of the strange actions of the people he had met.

When he entered his own rooms his wife looked up from her book, gave a shriek and cried:

"Phwat ails ye, Terry? Have yez the fever?"

"I have not."

"Thin phy are yez so broken out?"

"I am not awar' that I am broken out, me little bunch av sham-rock."

"Thin go luck at yerself."

Muldoon did.

In the mirror he saw his own handsome phiz peppered all over with black spots, from his eyes to his chin.

"Phwat's that?" he gasped, passing his hand over his cheek.

It left a black streak.

"Begob, I have it!" he exclaimed.

"The fever?" gasped his wife.

"No, but the explanation."

"Phot is it?"

"It wor that chube I blew into. The game av ball is a skin, meant to catch suckers like meself."

"Phot do yez mean?"

"The blow I gave the thing thrun the dusht in me face, and that's phwat made ivery wan laugh. I thot the llevathor bye wud have a spasm and I frikened the sinse out av wan av the soubrettes an this flure."

"Faix, Jerry, I think yez had betther go to bed and thin no wan can play anny more snaps an ye."

"I think I betther had meself, be heavens!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE Muldoons had finished up their list of games in Philadelphia, and were now to go west.

"It's a triumphal mairch we'll have," said Muldoon. "We'll conquer Chicago, paralyze Pittsburg, charm Cincinatti, and bulldoze Baltimore, so we will."

"How about St. Louis, pop?" asked Roger.

"There won't be any such place an the map aafter we get troo wid it," said Muldoon.

"You won't be able to stand up against Von Der Ahe's kickers, pop," laughed the young fellow.

"Yis, we will, and av the ould Dootchman don't behave himself, I'll dhrown him."

"Well, we'll see," said Roger.

"Yis, so we will, but don't forget that we're aff for Chicago in the morning."

"All right, pop, I'll remember."

The private car left Philadelphia the next day, being hitched on to the end of the fast Chicago express.

All went well till they reached the mountains of Central Pennsylvania.

Here, as they where booming along, towards evening something happened.

It might have been that the couplings broke, or that some one loosed them, but all of a sudden the train dashed ahead, and the private car was left all alone!

It was on a down grade, and it continued to run till it reached the level, where it came to a stop.

Night was coming on; and they were in a wild mountain region, miles away from anywhere.

Roger was the first to find out about it.

He hurried off to Muldoon, and said:

"Pop, we've broken loose, and the rest of the train has run away without us."

Muldoon went out upon the platform and looked all around.

"Where are we annyhow?" he asked.

"Don't know, pop."

"Phwat are we going to do, annybow?"

"Stay here, I suppose."

"And thin some blunderin' thrain will come along and smash us all to pieces."

"You can walk on the track behind us and signal them, pop."

"Yis, and be run over."

"Well, you've got to take your chances, I suppose."

"Roger?"

"Yes."

"I have an idea."

"Put it on ice."

"Pwat's the matter wid yer walkin' back and signalizin' an approachin' thrain?"

"I might be run over, pop."

"Well, we can betther spare ye than meself."

"Phwat's that?" cried Mrs. Muldoon, who had come out to see what the matter was. "We spare the bye, can we? Indeed, we can not. If annybody is run over, let it be ye or the nagur, or the Frinch-mar, or that mummy av a private secretary."

"Yez would prefer that it wud be me, I presume, me Kilkenny mocking bird?" said Muldoon.

"Sure it doesn't matter."

"Well, let's see where we are," suggested Roger.

It was not such a bad idea.

"Very likely there is a signal station not far away. There are plenty of them in the mountains."

"Very well," said Muldoon. "You go wan way wid Bills and I'll go the other wid Whiskers."

"Somebody had better fire off a cannon," said Roger.

"Phwat for?" asked his dad.

"To let the other know he has found a station."

"Phwere wud he get it, me young dicky burrud?"

"Why, there are always canyons in the mountains."

"Faith, that's the rockiest joke I ever heard."

"Well, I was thinking of the Rocky Mountains, pop."

"Go an, ye antedeluvian joker. Have yez a pistol wid yez?"

"I never carry a pop except you, pop. I might fire you off."

"Yes, you will," sneered Muldoon. "Av yez get rid av me, yez might as well give up the thrip."

"Terry?"

It was Mrs. Muldoon who spoke.

"Well?"

"Don't be standin' here talkin' nousinse whin anny minyute a thrain might come along an' knock us floid. Go an and thry and foind somebody."

"All right, me daisy darlint."

Roger and Bills went forward while Muldoon and Whiskers took the back track.

Scarcely a quarter of a mile away Roger came upon a little signal box set on stilts by the side of the track.

"Hallo!" cried Roger.

"Hallo you!" called the signal man from his perch.

"We've got a private car back here all alone."

"So I see."

"Something broke loose and we got left."

"So I saw."

"We're in danger of being run into by some other train."

"So I see."

"And the other fellows evidently don't know anything about us."

"So I saw."

"Something must be done."

"So I see."

"Or we'll get smashed."

"So I saw."

"Oh, cheese it on that see-saw. Can't you come down?"

"Not if I stay up."

"Well, then, I'll go up, old see-saw."

"Yes, I see."

"I say, drop that," cried Roger. "Get something new. Your eternal see-saw makes me dizzy."

The man invited Roger into his box.

The young fellow considered himself in one box already, but that did not prevent him from going into another.

"I can telegraph for an engine to be sent after you, and I can telegraph to approaching trains to look out for you," said the operator.

"That'll do."

"Which?"

"Both."

"Oh, I——"

"Say 'perceive' or I'll murder you," laughed Roger.

"An engine might come down and drag you up."

"Yes."

"Or a train might come along and push you down."

"Yes, that'll do."

"Which?"

"Oh, either or both, I don't care which. You're worse than the itch with all your plans. Do one thing and do it, that's all I care about."

"Yes, but see——"

"Saw!"

"That there are several ways——"

"Well, take one or all, but do something."

The operator was a sort of crank, and he therefore set Roger down as one, being ignorant of his own peculiarities.

"I see two men down there," he suddenly said.

"That's pop and Whiskers."

"Well, I can't see his whiskers. You must have terrible good eyes to see them so far."

"Whiskers is his name, old See-saw. Have you got your ticker going?"

He got it going pretty soon and telegraphed in all directions.

"Tell 'em that the Muldoon base ball club is in the mountains," said Roger. "That will be a good advertisement for us."

"Base ball club!" exclaimed the operator excitedly.

"Yes."

"Why, I'm something on base ball myself."

"All right."

"Say, I'll tell you something."

"Tell it."

He did.

Roger smiled.

Here was another snap.

"That'll do," the young fellow remarked, "and now I'll go and get pop."

"And I'll telegraph to them."

"Right you are."

Roger then returned to Bills, told him to keep mum about the signal box, and then returned to the car.

"Hallo, pop! Oh, pop!" he shouted.

Muldoon heard him, and shouted back:

"Phwat is it?"

"It's all right. Come back."

Muldoon and Whiskers were on their way back when Roger called them, and they soon arrived.

"Didn't I see something like a shanty sticking above the trees just beyant?" asked the solid man.

Roger had to confess that such was the case.

His snap was not spoiled by this, however.

"That's a signal station, pop," he explained, "and I have had the operator telegraph our condition."

"Oh, yez have?"

"Yes."

"Then that's all right."

"Yes, but——"

"But what, ye mysterious young vilyan?"

"Do you suppose it will frighten the women?"

"What's that?"

"What I'm going to tell you."

"How do I know till I hear it?"

"Well, there are robbers about."

"Where are they?"

"In the mountains."

"Who tould yez?"

"The operator."

"Is he in wid thim?"

"With whom?"

"The robbers."

"Of course not."

"Well, that's funny."

"How so?"

"Sure, I thot all railroad min wor robbers more or less."

"Well, he is not. He says that a gang of robbers infest this region and that although they have not done anything lately they are apt to appear at any moment."

"That's a fine prospect."

"Ain't it?"

"No, it's not!" cried Muldoon indignantly.

"Then it isn't."

"We may all be murdered and robbed."

"Yes, that's so."

"Or med slaves av. Imagine me servin' an apprenticeship to a band av robbers."

"Sounds like a romance, pop. 'Muldoon among the Robbers; or, the Solid Man washing dishes for the tramps.' How's that, pop? I'll give Tom Teaser a pointer on that."

"Faix, ye will not, and I'll murder the young falsifier for bethrayin' confidences like he have."

"Well, that doesn't alter the fact about the robbers, pop. We may see them at any moment."

"We must defend ourselves."

"So we must."

"Close up all the doors and windys, get all the min together and fight thim."

"Fight who, pop?"

"The robbers."

"Oh, I thought you meant John and Bills and Whiskers."

"No, sor; av coorse not."

"That only makes five of us, pop."

"Won't the operator fight wid us?" asked Muldoon.

"He might."

"Faix, he must. There's no might about it. He's got to, be heavens."

"We'll, we'd better go and ask him, but perhaps——"

Just then there came a terrible interruption.

Crack, crack, crack, crack!

"Wow-wow-wow-oo-oo!"

"Bang-bang-crack-crack-zip!"

Pistol shots, cannons, shouts, blood-curdling yells and shrieks.

All these mixed up together in the worst kind of hash.

"De Lawd have marsy on us! Dere am de robbahts!"

"Sapristi, ze robbaire hafe come. Sacre bleu tonnerre!"

"Fly for your lives, the cutthroats are upon us!"

It was even so.

The gang had come.

It was too late.

Muldoon was paralyzed.

"Roger?" he gasped.

"Yes, pop."

"Have yez a gun?"

"No."

"Nor a pistol?"

"No."

"And mine is in the cair."

"Come on, pop, we may frighten them off."

Mrs. Muldoon had gone in. Whiskers had disappeared and Muldoon and Roger had been walking down the track.

They now hurried back to the car.

They were too late.

There were at once surrounded by a fierce-looking gang of men in red shirts, big boots, slouched hats, and full beards.

They all had regular arsenals stuck in their belts, and looked as if they had just stepped out of the pages of a dime novel, or from the scenes of a border drama.

"Seize the old gorilla and hang him!"

"Shoot him full of holes and make him tell where his money is!"

"Skin him and make porous plasters of his hide!"

"Make him shell out, anyhow, the old Turk!"

"Hang him and chuck his body to the buzzards, like we done the rest of the gang!"

The robbers had now seized Muldoon, although they let Roger alone at a wink from one of their number.

"Gintlemen," said Muldoon, as they were dragging him along, "perhaps yez don't know who I am?"

"We don't care, old sluggers."

"I am a base ball player."

"Ha! ha!"

The robber paused in evident terror.

*Then one of them said in faltering accents:

"Are you an umpire?"

"Truth compels me to say I am not."

"Ha! then we are not afraid of you."

"But neither am I afraid av anny umpire livin'. I terrorize the hull av thim."

"That won't go down with us!" roared the captain.

"No!" howled the gang.

"Put him through," said the captain.

The robbers now went into the car, taking Muldoon with them.

They adjourned to the dining-room, where a fine spread had been laid out.

Mrs. Muldoon was not present, but Roger was.

Whiskers was also there, dressed in his best.

"It's always our custom to give our victims a fine feed before we fill them with lead, Muldoon," said the captain. "Sit down, fellows." They sat.

The bandit king took the bead of the table and Muldoon was put at the foot.

The other fellows sat anywhere.

Then the feed began.

Muldoon had an idea.

He called to the butler and whispered in his ear.

"Whiskers, bring on three bottles av whisky and more av it is required. I'll get thim all drunk and thim we can do thim up."

"All right, sah."

"Here, old Zulu," said the captain, "trot out the wine, and we'll drink Muldoon's health."

Muldoon groaned.

"Troth, that stuff may make thim drunk," he moaned, "but just think of the ixpinse."

Whiskers brought out the wine, and all hands made merry.

There did not seem to be any prospect of their getting intoxicated either.

They did not make tanks of themselves either, but only drank in moderation, the same as so many gentlemen.

At last supper was over and cigars were ordered.

"Now then, Muldoon," said the captain, "your time has come. Bind him."

Poor Muldoon was seized and a napkin bound over his eyes.

"Make ready!"

Muldoon groaned.

"Aim!"

The solid man thought his last moment had made a date with him.

"Fire!"

Pop!

Something hit Muldoon on the nose.

Then something spattered all over his face.

Was it his life blood?

Well, hardly.

It was only champagne.

That was a cork, the thing that had hit on the nose.

The napkin was suddenly whisked away from his eyes.

The robbers had been most marvelously transformed.

They were all in evening dress.

There wasn't a sign of a red shirt, or a slouched hat, or pistol among the lot of them.

There were no full beards, no beetling eyebrows, and no black patches.

Muldoon was astonished.

"Who in blazes are yez?" he asked.

"Guests of the mountain house, half a mile off," said the gentleman at the head of the table. "Mr. Muldoon, your health!"

"Hurrah for Muldoon!" cried all the rest.

"We found out about your being here, knew all about you, and determined give you a little roasting. Some of us are ball players, Mul."

Muldoon gave a sickly sort of laugh, and then looked at Roger.

"Wor ye in this, young feller?" he asked.

"Partly, pop," answered Roger, with a laugh.

Then the whole business was explained.

The Mountain House was not more than half a mile away, but being hidden by the trees, was not observed in the gathering gloom.

The operator had telegraphed thither, and the guests, knowing Muldoon by reputation, had determined, at a suggestion from Roger, to have some fun with him.

Some of them were amateur ball players from Philadelphia who had already played with Muldoon's nine, and they were mighty willing to have a lark at the famous captain's expense.

Well, the thing turned out better than Muldoon had expected.

He and his guests had a jolly time of it and parted, close upon midnight, on the best of terms.

An engine had already arrived and had taken the champion to a side track near the Mountain House, and here the car remained until morning.

At that time it was taken in tow by a regular express and the run to Chicago was completed.

"Here we are at last," said Muldoon, when they arrived at the depot and were greeted by all the members of the famous organization now so well known, "and as there's wan team that'll parlyze iverything here, it's MULDOON'S BASE BALL CLUB."

[THE END.]

TOM TEASER, the author of this story, is also the author of the following stories published in THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY: No. 963, "Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston." No. 959, "Muldoon's Base Ball Club." No. 943, "Next Door; or, The Irish Twins." No. 947, "The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York." No. 933, "Senator Muldoon." No. 931, "Muldoon Out West."

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